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Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Safe from the Gale

Swift's Pride Soap

Makes wash day easier by cutting the rubbing in half.
Less rubbing means less hard work and longer life for your clothing and linens.

Swift's Pride Soap makes the white pieces clear and snowy, even if you do not have the opportunity to sun-bleach them on the lawn.

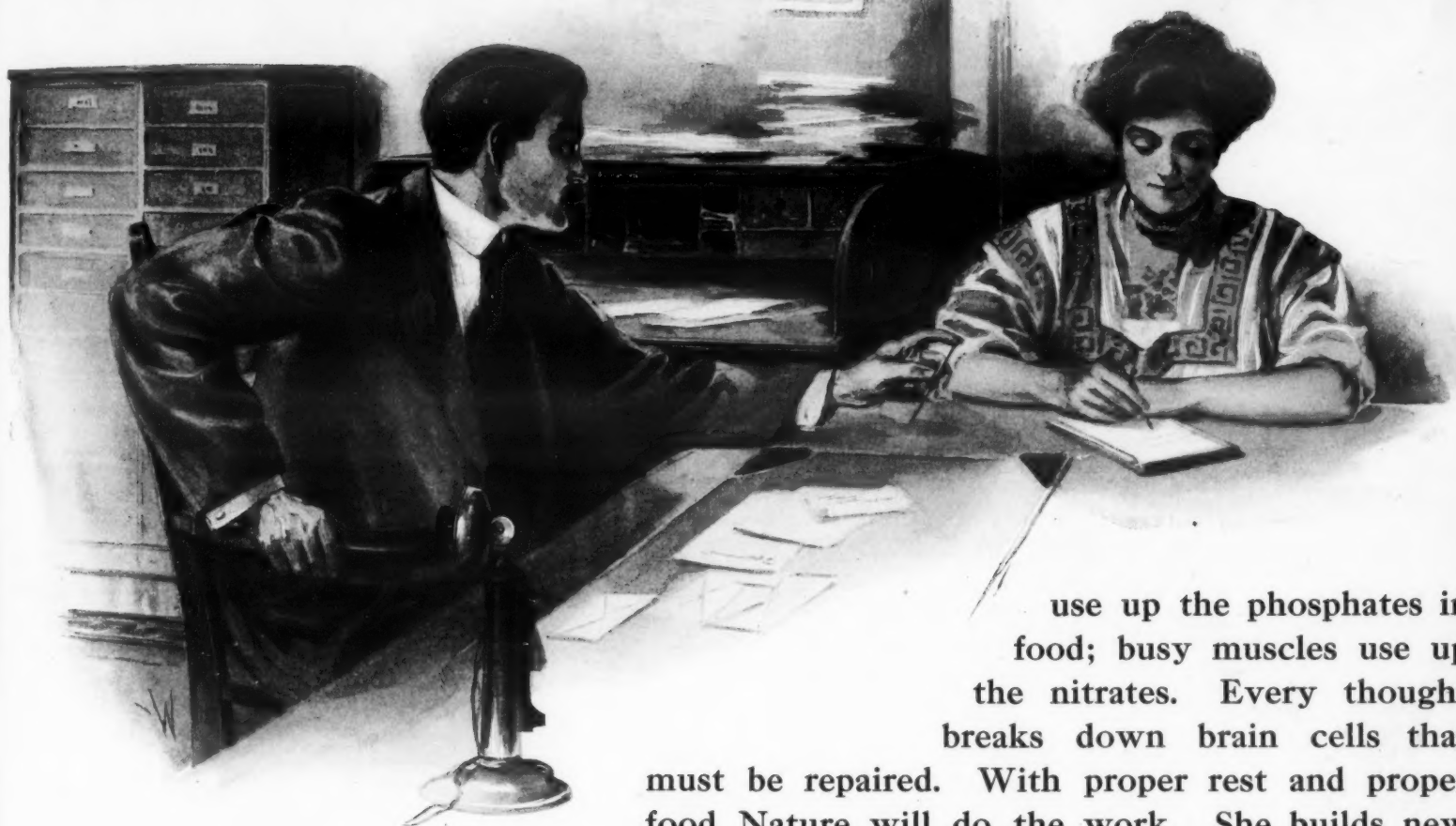
Use Swift's Pride Washing Powder in your rough laundry and cleaning work—it is economical and efficient.

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BUSY BRAINS



use up the phosphates in food; busy muscles use up the nitrates. Every thought breaks down brain cells that must be repaired. With proper rest and proper food Nature will do the work. She builds new mental and physical structures with tireless skill.

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"FORCE"

The food that contains the phosphates and nitrates in the wheat, made digestible and palatable by cooking, flaking, malting and baking. *It is the life of the wheat combined with the soul of the barley.* There is no stomach so weak that it cannot digest "FORCE." Its thin, crisp flakes are quickly acted upon by the digestive fluids. "FORCE" was the original flaked food. It is still the leader that all others follow. It is made best, tastes best and is best.



Before serving "FORCE" it is best to "crisp" it by pouring into a pan or earthen dish and warming it in an oven. Then serve in large dish with cream, piling the flakes in one side of the dish, pouring the cream in the other side and dipping the flakes as eaten.

HERE'S SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN—A "SUNNY JIM" DOLL

The greatest hit since the Teddy Bears went off the juvenile stage. Delights the grown-ups almost as much as the children. A cloth doll pattern of "Sunny Jim," 15 inches high, in five colors, with full directions for cutting and sewing, will be sent free for two trade-marks cut from regular "FORCE" packages and five two-cent stamps to cover postage. Send for one NOW before they're all gone.



THE H.O. COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.



One Policy One System Universal Service

THAT the American public requires a telephone service that is universal is becoming plainer every day.

Now, while people are learning that the Bell service has a broad national scope and the flexibility to meet the ever varying needs of telephone users, they know little of how these results have been brought about. The keynote is found in the motto—"One policy, one system, universal service."

Behind this motto may be found the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—the so-called "parent" Bell Company.

A unified policy is obtained because the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has for one of its functions that of a holding company, which federates the associated companies and makes available for all what is accomplished by each.

As an important stockholder in the associated Bell companies, it assists them in financing their extensions, and it helps insure a sound and uniform financial policy.

A unified system is obtained because the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has for one of its functions the ownership and maintenance of the telephones used by the 4,000,000 subscribers of the associated companies.

In the development of the art, it originates, tests, improves and protects new appliances and secures economies in the purchase of supplies.

It provides a clearing-house of standardization and thus insures economy in the construction of equipment, lines and conduits, as well as in operating methods and legal work—in fact, in all the functions of the associated companies which are held in common.

Universal, comprehensive service is obtained because the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has among its other functions the construction and operation of long distance lines, which connect the systems of the associated companies into a unified and harmonious whole.

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Hence it can be seen that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the active agency for securing *one policy, one system, and universal service*—the three factors which have made the telephone service of the United States superior to that of any other country.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company



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is made in various grades, some one of which is exactly suited to every part of your automobile. Elaborate experiments have been made with MOBILOIL that reduce the vital problem of lubrication to a scientific certainty.

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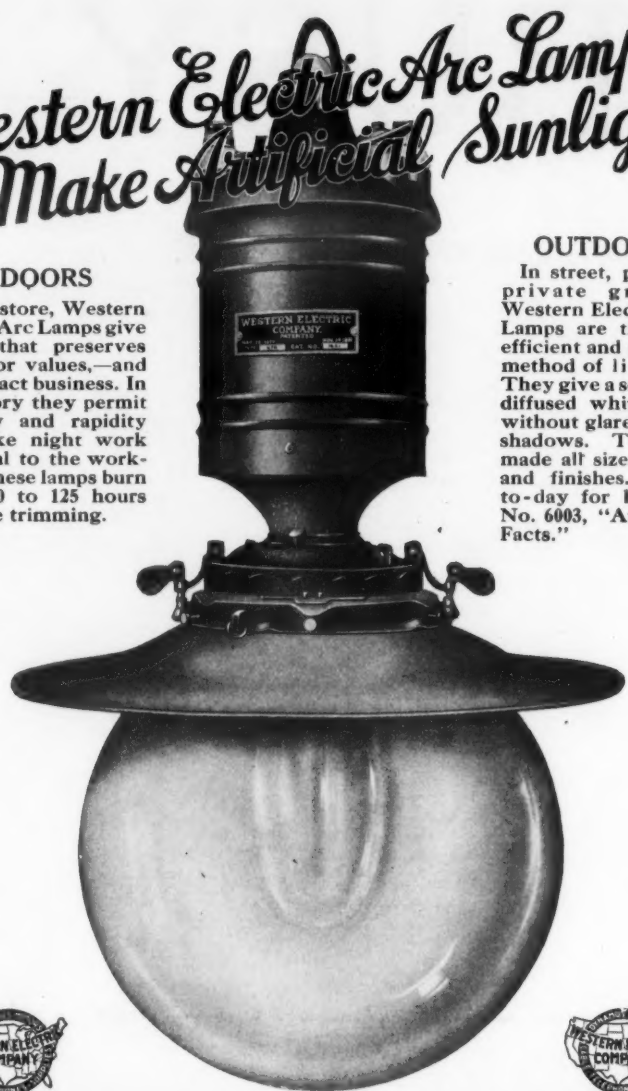
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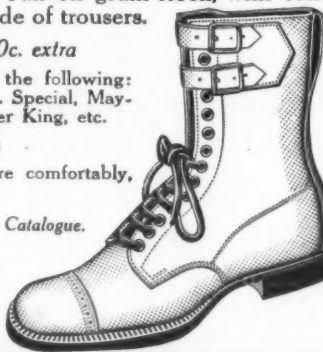
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Collier's

Saturday, November 14, 1908



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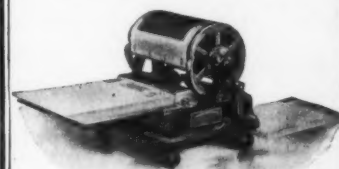
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South Bend, Ind.

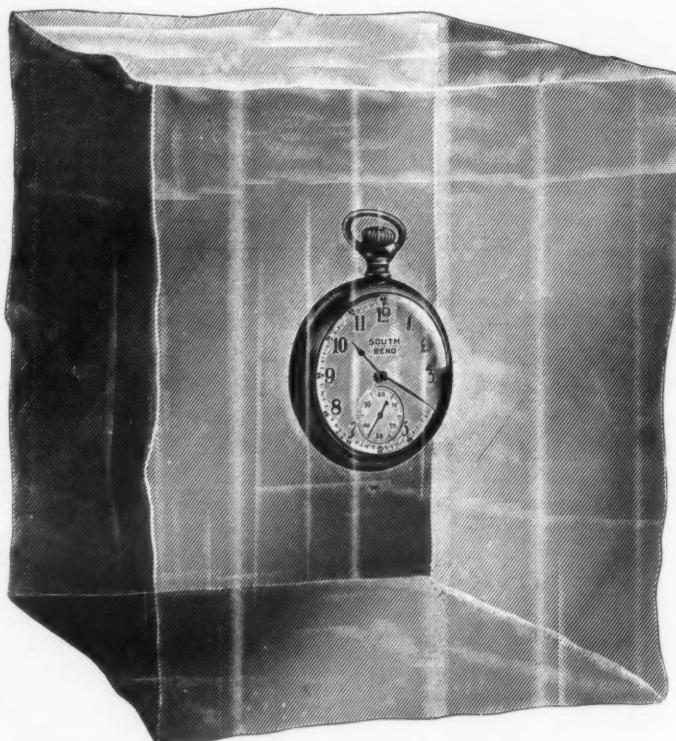
Send me a copy of your booklet and device showing how **SOUTH BEND** watches adjust themselves to heat and cold. The address of my jeweler is

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Jeweler's Address.....

My Name.....

My Address.....



A **SOUTH BEND** Watch

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He will tell you how and why the **SOUTH BEND** Watch Company, at an expense of time and money which no other watchmaker cares to make, pays the best jeweler in each community to properly adjust each **SOUTH BEND** watch to the individual who is to carry it and show you why the watch that keeps perfect time in your pocket cannot be depended upon to keep time in another man's pocket. The highest grade, most costly watch made will fail as a timekeeper unless it is adjusted to meet the individual requirements of the person carrying it. You cannot make this adjustment yourself. Only a skilled watchmaker can do that. A variation of one hundred thousandth part in the vibration of the balance wheel makes a difference of one second per day; a difference of one one-thousandth part in the vibration means a gain or loss of a minute and a half a

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IN ANSWER

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, November 14, 1908



Thanksgiving Number

Q "Other People's Cake," by Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, is a charming Thanksgiving story of the coy and subterranean goodness of a New England woman who made a love match come out successfully by a series of deceptions. It will appear in the Thanksgiving Number of Collier's, November 21. The luscious story of Mehitabel will be printed in color, and James Hopper will write a personal-experience sketch with a football team. Mr. Hopper has been spending time at Princeton, living with the varsity eleven.

"Mehitabel"

Q The same number of Collier's contains a perfectly absurd story. It is all about pirates, and has the toothsome whimsicality of Lewis Carroll and Frank R. Stockton. It opens thus:

"On a tropical island ten sleepy pirates sat in a row in front of a stout little stone fort. Each had a comfortable enough chair to sit in. Having nothing particular to do, the ten pirates all wore their carpet slippers. They sat motionless, save for the monotonous movement of their ten red rocking-chairs. Now one of them, after an uncommonly protracted yawn, stretched arms and legs simultaneously and ejaculated: 'Heigho! But I wish I knew how to read.'"

Q It was Red Whisker who yearned for culture in those words, but all the pirates were bored. "We can't always be a-drinkin' and a-gamblin' and a-carousin'. We can't always be a-rovin' of the seas and a-buryn' of treasure." Q At length, Yellow Mustaches rose, twirling the curl papers on the ends of his mustaches, and moodily tickling a mosquito bite on his ankle with the sharp point of his cutlars.

Q "Hang it, my merry men!" he cried, "the wind's a-rising. What's the matter of cruisin' north an' capturin' a schoolma'am?"

Q The optimistic words struck fire. The nine other pirates leaped to their feet with alacrity.

Q In their rakish schooner, the "Tender Polly," they drove northward under every stitch and darn of canvas.

II

Q Mehitabel Perkins taught school at the Four Corners down on the Cape. She was an honest girl with a rectangular figure and a talent for authority. Her life was placid. Then the pirates came, disguised as missionaries, though the various angles at which they wore their shiny black hats hinted at unfamiliarity with the best clerical tradition. What they did to Mehitabel and her spirited rejoinder are the themes of next week's story.

She was the easy equal of the ten of them. On Nonesuch Island she annoyed them so that there ensued a "thin grinding noise running from one pirate to another. The eight ground their teeth in unison. It was a habit, when exasperated, that had given them exceptionally sharp teeth."

Q When the hour of separation came, and the distance widened between the vessel and the shining shore, the evil men could be heard singing out under the moon:

"His wife and little daughter,
They march above the water;
And in, kerplunk! they go.
Ho! boys; ho!
And in, kerplunk! they go."



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4 1/2 in. long. Gray Silver Finish, \$1.25. Gold Finish, \$1.50. Sent prepaid. Most acceptable gift for Wife, Mother, Sister or friend. This is one of hundreds of gifts shown in new catalog. It's free. Send postal today.

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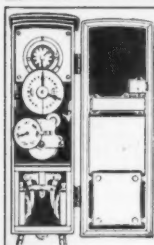
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The Taft Business Men's parade passing up Broadway, New York City, on Saturday afternoon, October 31

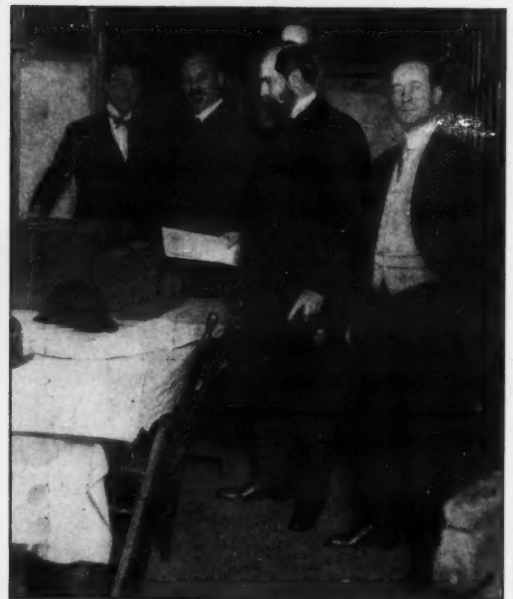


The Suffragettes of New York take a hand in the campaign—a "votes-for-women" advocate in City Hall Park



John D. Rockefeller voting in New York City

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Governor Hughes, of New York, at the voting booth



President Roosevelt casting his ballot at Oyster Bay

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Getting the Votes and Casting Them



Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK



November 14, 1908

Surveying the Battlefield



MEN HAVE BEEN HEARD to long for a universe in which the police would be occupied exclusively in preventing the populace from doing too much good. Although this present world is an agreeable place, and one filled with interest, it is not yet elysium. Taking the vale of tears as at present it stands, moderately satisfactory is the way in which humanity expressed itself on November 3.

The overwhelming nature of the Republican victory, exaggerated and unreasonable as it seems, may work for political health. The Democratic Party to-day means nothing. Even the South, even the white men of the South, would have voted against BRYAN, did they not still connect party labels with the demeanor of the negro. In other words, his party, as led by him, does not exist. Perhaps the exaggerations of this victory may hasten the day of real party government, of real lines of cleavage, in which TAFT and GRAY shall stand together, and ROOSEVELT and HUGHES and CHAMBERLAIN and FOLK, while on the other side stand CANNON and HALE, FAIRBANKS and PENROSE, HOPKINS and GALLINGER and Gumshoe BILL. The people recognized on November 3 that the political contest of our day was not between Republicanism and Democracy, but between Rooseveltism and Forakerism, or Taftism and Aldrichism. They judged the Roosevelt-Taft wing of the Republican Party to be progressive without being silly, and popular without being revolutionary. To have made such a decision, with hard times naturally assisting the opposition, shows that the American public understands quite definitely what brand of popular government it intends to have.

Perhaps the worst result of the large Republican margin in the House is that old JOE CANNON, chief of the anti-progress Republicans, will probably hold the Speakership. His own Danville District, laid out, on a reapportionment, to suit himself, is his private property, assured to him forever by the political favors which he can give to the town and its Republican inhabitants. It is to be feared that he will for four years more "remain responsible," as he expresses it, in the House, for what bills are passed and what are beaten. The fight against his reelection next March will be carried on, but against the heavy artillery of self-interest, as any Congressman will require abnormal courage to face the wrath of the man who hands out committee places and decides upon the fate of every bill.

Encouraging, on the other hand, was the victory of Governor HUGHES, even narrow as it was. He was opposed with a fury of bitterness by a multitude of politicians and their hangers-on, by the vast moneyed powers, by the thousands who in one way or another take an interest in race-track prosperity, and by those who dislike his "Puritanism" or rigid personality. New York is far behind the West in political liberality, and it is well for the whole country that for two years more that State will be led by a man of great ability, the keynote of whose policy is the right and duty of the people to rule themselves. When the mighty forces opposing HUGHES are adequately weighed, we think his election, even by so comparatively slight a margin, may fairly be considered a sign to hearten and stimulate.

It being remembered that landslides are usually disastrous to independent choice, there is cheerfulness to be drawn also from various other details. The results throughout the country were mixed, good and bad. PAYNE, DALZELL, TAWNEY, and other crustaceans were returned, but some enlightened new men go to Congress, and the majorities of some undesirables were cut down. In various States, such as New Hampshire, Missouri, Minnesota, Michigan, and Connecticut, there was considerable independence in voting, although the size of the landslide, to a great extent, killed the effect, thus emphasizing

again the folly of holding State and Congressional elections on the day when a President is chosen.

Taking it altogether, and again reflecting that paradise is not yet scheduled exactly as to date, the results of the election are hailed by us with satisfaction.

Plague

A HOWL OF PROTEST greeted our editorial announcement that precautions against bubonic plague needed, in certain places, to be made more strict. Those wails were answered last week with a thoroughness admitting of no dispute. Now we offer another article, showing how ostrich-like are some of our neighbors. It is a dramatic tale the author tells, about rats, and doctors, and a South American dictator. Our reasons for suppressing his name may be surmised from a reading of the following excerpt from his letters:

"You see the Government is very touchy on the health question, and I want to keep my own health intact from the Government! Last year a young Englishman sent an article to his home paper reflecting on the morals of the people here, and, within two days after the article came back, he was ripped open with a knife as he was coming out of the consulate at Ciudad Bolivar. The murderer, I believe, got two months or two days or some such cruel and unusual punishment."

Let us in the United States not imitate the Castro tactics. Let us not belabor those who tell the truth. Once SOLOMON spoke against knowledge, but that was long ago. ROUSSEAU also, but he is dead. Nevertheless, even to-day the forces of science are everywhere met by the forces of prejudice. Not all opinion in California, by any means, is in favor of suppression of the truth. Among the letters received from physicians, one contained this judgment:

"Please consider one moment the situation: San Francisco clean, Oakland fairly so, but Berkeley and Contra Costa County, the border-line districts, doing nothing. Porta Costa and Wheatport, a few miles above San Francisco and Oakland, receive ships from all parts of the world to load with grain. There exists here no quarantine against the foreign rat, and the county teems with squirrels. This is, in fact, the neighborhood in which the first plague-infected squirrels were caught.

"Drs. BLUE, LONG, and RUCKER told us of our dangers, argued, protested before the City Council, Chamber of Commerce, etc., against the discontinuance of funds for the anti-plague campaign. In spite of this, nothing is being done. Cases of plague occurred in Oakland and Contra Costa County only a short time ago. All preventive measures have stopped; of course, if no rats or squirrels are examined, no plague-infected animals will be discovered; hence the wiliness of the protesting telegrams.

"Pardon me if, for the cause, I must momentarily become personal. Dr. BLUE stultified himself. Your editorial caused him and Dr. RUCKER to have a fit. 'The interests' protested, and Dr. BLUE falls into line. So will Washington, for Dr. BLUE is a man who will 'hold his job.' Dr. KINYOUN stood by his guns and lost his job in this district."

We pass no judgment, ourselves, on Dr. BLUE, beyond what we said last week: that anybody who wished to do so might compare the doctor's statement with the facts as put by Mr. CONNOLLY. What we do maintain is that a victory for timid ignorance, as far as plague precautions are concerned, would be a costly victory for the United States. The California State Board of Health has sent out a bulletin in which it charges COLLIER's with "gross and unnecessary ignorance of the situation." Does that opinion remain unchanged? And if not, what does California think of her State Board of Health?

Gin, Etc.

LEE LEVY, manufacturer of the worst brand of "nigger gin," indirect accomplice in heaven knows how many Southern outrages, is getting his deserts. The last Federal grand jury found indictments against him and one of his employees for sending obscene matter through the mails. His bail has been set at \$6,000 for each indictment. Shortly after COLLIER's first presented the evidence against him and others of his kind, we felt called upon to criticize the Federal authorities for their inaction in the case. The criticism is withdrawn. The mills of BLODGETT grind slowly, may they grind small enough to get LEVY. Meanwhile it is gratifying to hear from independent investigators who have been following up our work in their own communities, that the brands of gin manufactured by Lee Levy, Bluthenthal & Bickart, Dreyfuss, Weil & Company, the Old Spring Distilling Company, S. Richard, and others of their stripe, are now very difficult to find, even in the lowest negro groggeries.

"Thieves"

MR. HEARST'S "AMERICAN" harbors a hallucination in its fancy that malice led to our publication of "Mr. Hearst's Thieves." That article was obtained and printed on the principle, familiar to journalism, of furnishing the news. The ethics of the affair are too complicated for easy dogma. Had the stolen letters been offered to us, we also should, doubtless, have been glad to purchase them. Indeed, in the issue in which we told how they were procured, we pointed out the difficulty of judging the part taken by Mr. HEARST. His steady stream of falsity and vindictiveness is no excuse for condemning any act of his which in a more disinterested journalist might be praised. His method of procuring evidence has its moral complications, but it is a method of the secret service, and it is not easy to see how it could be discontinued.

Humor

COLONEL WATTERSON now declares that his remark that the proprietor of the New York "Times" ought to be hanged to the nearest "lamp-post" was jocose. The person who, reading the original declaration in all its fervor, could have ferreted out the joke does not exist upon this earth. What said BACON?

"Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out."

The Colonel's "joke," we submit, is an indiscreet one to promulgate, without great clarity in the jocose intention; indiscreet in Kentucky and in many other parts of the country, both North and South. We are fond of the Colonel, even now that he has been calling us haphazard and superficial; and we disagree with him only when he seems to us seriously in the wrong. Much more agreeable is the frequent impulse to celebrate Marse HENRY's vivacity and his unflagging youth.

Severity

FROM KANSAS CITY, in the State of Missouri, comes a cutting communication, signed WILLIAM F. JOHNSON, commenting on an editorial of ours headed "Barleycorn, and Others," in which we spoke of the attempt of the mob at Springfield, Illinois, to lynch, upon a woman's identification, a man who was afterward admitted to be innocent and released. Mr. JOHNSON encloses a clipping about the legal hanging of a negro for this crime, as he supposes, in Springfield, Illinois, and then observes:

"It is unfortunate that you went to press too early to get this. I trust you are not one of those so hidebound on the negro question as to be afraid or ashamed to publish the truth when it is furnished to you."

We trust, also, that we are not hidebound, but beg to answer Mr. JOHNSON as follows: The Springfield riots started after the arrest of the negro RICHARDSON, upon the accusation of Mrs. HALLAM. There happened to be at that time already in the jail a negro, JAMES, who was accused of the murder of a man named BALLARD. Upon that particular case we have given no opinion. There had been no attempt to lynch JAMES before the Hallam hallucination. The mob started for RICHARDSON, and JAMES was merely incidental, as he happened to be confined in the same jail. RICHARDSON has been free for weeks. So much for the ideas that get abroad. Springfield newspaper men, at the very moment that the riot was going on, were convinced that Mrs. HALLAM's statement was absolutely fictitious. It is hard for local papers to speak the truth freely when excitement is blazing in their neighborhood.

Seeing the Country

SATURDAY AFTERNOON WALKING TRIPS "in the forests, fields, hills, and valleys about the city" is a felicitous Chicago enterprise, to which nearly five hundred persons have lent themselves, and which promises to become so popular a movement that the pleasure-seeking pedestrians will be obliged to divide themselves into two or more parties. This plan was put into execution early last spring, and Saturday by Saturday the number of walkers increases. Leaders volunteer for each day, and make it their business to go over the route, personally, beforehand, and to arrange for special trains, trolley cars, boats, and other details of transportation. Dwellers in cities proverbially are ignorant of their environment. The general impression in Chicago appears to be that beyond the city limits lies only treeless prairie, flat as a twice-told tale. Therefore, to come upon beautiful ravines, charming groves, walks by exquisite marshes, gentle wooded hills, undreamed-of quaint villages, charming with many gardens, is a surprise so great as to partake of the nature of adventure. Not only have a number of the members of the faculty of the university, writers, artists, and enthusiastic young pedestrians joined the company, but also some interesting foreigners, glad of this opportunity to learn something of the land of their adoption, and grateful to meet other lovers of fresh air, exercise, and beauty. The old as well as the young are to be seen in the quiet processions that wind along the roads in their gray and brown walking costumes, and the pace set is not too brisk for the comfort of the delicate. The walks usually are about five miles, but the more hardy occasionally extend this to twelve or fourteen miles. Some of the most beautiful estates around Chicago have been opened hospitably to the procession.

Dr. Parkhurst

RESIGNING AS PRESIDENT of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, Dr. PARKHURST brings seventeen years of unceasing activity to a close. He has worked steadily to have the existent laws in New York State enforced, or else to awaken public opinion to amend them. His sole warfare has been with unenforced and unenforceable blue-ribbon laws that create police blackmail. THOMAS BYRNES, the aged ex-Superintendent of Police, said of him the other day in private conversation:

"Most reformers get tired, and let somebody else do the dirty work, after a few weeks. I have the highest respect for Dr. PARKHURST. He is sincere and unafraid."

The popular impression of him has been that of a rigid Puritan, inexpert in human nature, projecting impossible reforms. This is curiously unlike the man, whose views on Sunday saloons are liberal beyond the understanding of the orthodox, and who, personally, is a man of wide travel, unusual reading, and conversational charm. He retires from active campaigning tired and battered and a little saddened by persistent misunderstanding. The final estimate of him will approximate that of MARK TWAIN, who called him "that strong and brave and excellent citizen."

Progressive Business

AMERICAN MEN OF AFFAIRS have it in them to do an immense amount of good for our civilization. They have the ability, and they are coming to have the interest. It is a commonplace of contemporary history that most American energy and intellect have heretofore gone into business. The last few years, however, have shown a tendency among men in commercial pursuits to broaden their concerns and connect their business activities with the general good of the communities in which they live. We reproduce below part of an advertisement of the Henry Siegel Company recently printed in Boston, showing that that company is now offering life insurance and annuities to the public. This is the first time that any agency has offered savings-bank insurance to the public as distinguished from its own employees. It is one more step forward toward success for the admirable Massachusetts plan, and it is an important step. We venture to prophesy that a considerable number of business men will follow the lead of the Siegel Company.

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Credulity

DURING THE CAMPAIGN one of Jo-Unele's organs in Illinois, the Hoopeston "Chronicle," put forth the following simple-minded lie:

"Several months ago, before the attacks commenced, the manager of COLLIER'S WEEKLY sent a bright young man to interview Uncle JOE, telling him the article to be printed by COLLIER'S WEEKLY would be of interest to the great army of readers of the Weekly, and he hoped Mr. CANNON would give him the necessary data. Mr. CANNON submitted to the interview, and the young man went back to the office. A few days later a very laudatory article was sent to Mr. CANNON for his approval, together with the information that the article would be printed in COLLIER'S WEEKLY for only \$1,000. Mr. CANNON declined to submit to the hold-up, and the article was not printed."

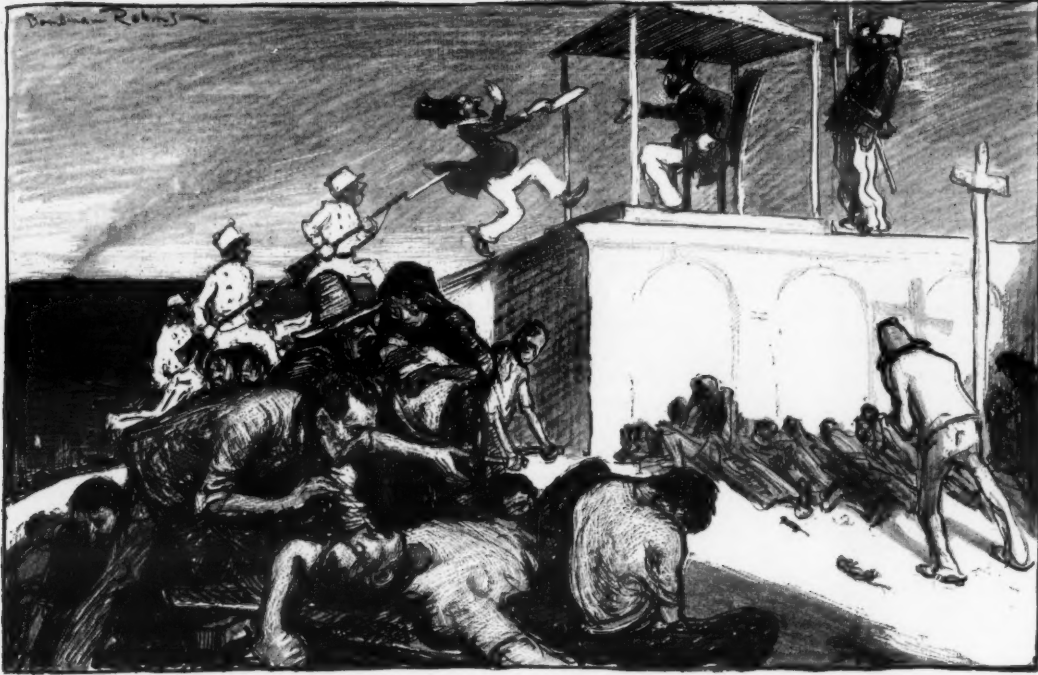
Pause for a moment, and remember WORDSWORTH:

"Those old credulities, to Nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of history?"

Whatever may be true of the Italian legends of which the poet wrote, the supply of American credulity is deemed inexhaustible by politicians and their organs in the press. Far be it from us to deny that this whole-souled campaign falsehood may have had some very slight effect, for the world is packed with individuals who swallow without examination whatever their local newspaper may present. It would scarcely pay us to take time to sue the Hoopeston "Chronicle." Such lies can not be stopped. They are part of the day's work, and the harm which they can do is slight. Feeling compelled to retract one feature of its falsehood, as too easily disproved, the "Chronicle" solaced itself by adding other details, vaguer but not inferior in absolute untruth.

Sunday Newspapers

OUR CONGRATULATIONS to the Boston "Herald" on dropping its comic supplement! That way progress lies. And the other cumbersome and crude elements of the Sunday press will some day follow until the Sunday paper is on a level at least as high as the present daily, and, so we optimists believe, very much higher. As the nation improves in education, understanding, and taste, so must the press.



Getting a clean bill of health

The Real Venezuelan Peril

Bubonic Plague Rife in Castro's Republic—Spreading in and about Caracas—How Castro Handled the Situation, Jailing the Doctor Who Diagnosed the "Mysterious Infirmary" as Plague—Dead Rats and Live Rumors—A Warning for New York, New Orleans, Galveston, and Panama

CURACAO, October 17, 1908

"LET the United States beware," declared President Cipriano Castro in an access of patriotic exaltation, "or she may yet find Venezuela a dangerous neighbor." What the naïve little South American despot had in mind at the time was a strategic project of marching his army overland by easy stages (his ideas of geography are somewhat vague), and capturing the city of New Orleans. Leaving that horrid prospect to the consideration of the local police, it nevertheless appears that Castro spoke very literally, though unconsciously, the truth. His harassed and distressed country has been, and is to-day, a real peril to the United States; a peril which advances, not under the tricolor of Venezuela, but under the yellow banner of pestilence. For Venezuela has harbored, fostered, and concealed, since last spring, the most dreaded of all infections—bubonic plague. And the arrival of every ship sailing from Venezuelan ports is an act of deliberate treachery on the part of Castro, a violation of his nation's honor and his nation's oath.

At the Sanitary Conference of the Pan-American Republics in 1905 it was agreed that all cases of bubonic plague, yellow fever, and certain other diseases should be reported immediately upon discovery, by the nation afflicted, to all the other signatories. Unwilling to assume the responsibility of signing this agreement without permission of the President, the Venezuelan representative did not then commit his nation formally. But, two years later, the agreement was ratified for Venezuela, and declared to be in force, by Castro's own decree. That was in 1907. Early in 1908 Castro violated the agreement in cold blood; and not only this, but in pursuance of his policy of concealment he essayed intimidation of foreign representatives, and cast into jail a physician who was bold enough to tell the truth about the "mysterious infirmity." On the other hand, while concealing, he did nothing to abate the danger. Government aid was refused to the stricken cities, and the merchants of La Guayra, Venezuela's chief port, in the midst of total business stagnation, resulting in widespread famine, were compelled to go down into their own pockets for money with which to carry on the fight. Thanks to their determined and combined efforts, there is, so far as is known, no plague in La Guayra at the time of this writing; but the infection exists to a dangerous degree in Caracas, the capital and metropolis of the nation, and to a lesser degree in other towns, having spread thither from La Guayra. Moreover, recent cases in Trinidad, in all probability, should be ascribed to Venezuelan sources.

Early last spring people in La Guayra began to die of an obscure and swift disease. Most of the deaths were in the prostitutes' quarter, and, partly for that reason, were little considered and practically disregarded by the newspapers. There was another reason, however—an ugly whisper about the ailment had reached Caracas. The victims, it was said, developed high fever almost immediately and died in three or four or five days, in great pain, and with strange swellings in the neck or the groin. Also dead rats were being found in the streets. "Better say nothing about it," the word went forth. "Let it die out of itself." Which, of course, is just what it would not do. Instead, it spread alarmingly. Even "El Constitucional," of Caracas, President

Castro's personal organ, which occasionally compares him to the Saviour, was compelled to take cognizance of the danger, referring to it as "infernidad misteriosa," the "mysterious infirmity." All this because, had the presence of bubonic plague become known to the outer world, quarantine would have been declared and commerce would have been stopped at once. So when Dr. R. Gomez Peraza diagnosed several fatal cases which he had attended as the bubonic pest there was consternation, and word was at once sent to Castro with the further information that the "infernidad misteriosa" undoubtedly *was* plague, and that the authorities awaited his instructions. The President's reply was to throw Dr. Peraza into jail to meditate on the errors of untimely diagnoses. Other local physicians made hasty arrangements to diagnose all "mysterious" deaths as resulting from "tumors," "smallpox," "tuberculosis," and "venereal disease."

Hygienic diplomacy of the Castro type might have been eminently successful but for the presence in La Guayra of Thomas P. Moffat, the American Consul. Mr. Moffat is a lean, quiet man of the rangy Yankee type, with a thoughtful expression and a strange and heretical theory that the business of a consul in a South American port is to look after his country's interests first and his own comfort afterward, if at all. How Mr. Moffat first learned of the "mysterious infirmity" as early as he did, La Guayra doesn't fully understand. Dead rats, perhaps, and certain other signs and portents apparent to a keen observer, may have made him suspicious. In his official record there is nothing to suggest that he had practical or scientific knowledge of bubonic plague, but his reasoning powers, which have survived a tropical existence of many years, may have told him that when a city of eight thousand or so develops a death roster of eighty to one hundred above the normal per month, and when there are dead rats and live rumors about the streets, something is very wrong.

The Recalcitrant Mr. Moffat

AT THIS point Mr. Moffat contributed to the general discomfort, including his own, by refusing to issue clean bills of health to ships clearing for American ports. Not being a physician, he deemed it beyond his proper province to declare that bubonic plague existed in La Guayra; but he noted on the ship's papers the presence of a disease resembling plague and not satisfactorily accounted for by the authorities.

Mark, now, the logical progress of events. Castro, on March 21, sent Dr. Rafael Rangel, the Government bacteriologist, to La Guayra to hold a conference with the Sanitary Commission and to conduct experiments, with a view to preventing the interruption of commerce threatened by the recalcitrant United States Consul. Where the eminent Dr. Rangel achieved his education as a bacteriologist I am uninformed, but he is surely unique of his kind. His experiments consisted in in-

oculating squirrels and rats with blood and virus (we shall see later what the nature of the inoculation was), and then, *within twenty-four hours after*, a period too short for the disease's proper development, certifying that, as there were no symptoms of pest, there was no evidence of plague! To the howling farce the resident consuls, declared by Castro to be ex-officio members of the Sanitary Commission, were invited to subscribe, in formal meeting. Mr. Moffat, it is said in La Guayra, responded that he was not ex-officio or in any other sense a member of the Sanitary Commission or of any other Venezuelan official body or organization; but, as a matter of courtesy, if the local authorities desired, he would attend the meeting. They did so desire, and he attended. There he heard a statement read to the effect that the Commission went on record as satisfied that there was no plague in La Guayra. As Mr. Moffat is credited with being a most obliging person, reluctant always to give pain, it must, logically, have been in a spirit of pervading melancholy (shared by all those present) that he unequivocally and definitely refused to put his name to any such document. But all the other consuls had signed! Did the Señor Moffat realize his responsibility in thus isolating himself? The Señor Moffat did. He realized that the other consuls were responsible for their own countries and not for his, and with assurances of deep regret and profound regard for his colleagues—the Spanish formula is a very polite one, but a refusal may be made quite positive in its ornamental trimmings. Despairing on this ground, the Venezuelans asked if the Señor Moffat would make a statement to the effect that he was present, wherewith they might satisfy the soul of President Castro. Certainly; the Señor Moffat strove to please. I have seen that document as reproduced on the following day in "El Constitucional." It is one of the most bewildering pieces of English that ever afflicted the human eye. It begins: "This is to certify (i. e., certify) that y was present," and is signed "Thos. Broffat." In the article embodying it the declaration is made that the United States Consul had subscribed to the declaration that plague was not extant in La Guayra. No Spanish translation of his statement was given. So much for the journalistic ethics of Venezuela.

The Unexplained Deaths

THOUGH the authorities had neither befuddled nor beguiled Mr. Moffat, they had now a temporary diplomatic victory. In the face of official and scientific warranty that no plague existed, it was impossible for the American Consul to declare officially that plague, or a disease presumed to be plague, was present in La Guayra. Accordingly he issued clean bills of health, while awaiting developments. He had not long to wait. Another death from the "mysterious infirmity" soon came to his notice, and, despite a howl of protest, he noted the facts on the papers of American-bound ships. Mr. Moffat was not precisely popular in Venezuela in those days.



Thomas P. Moffat
U. S. Consul in La Guayra

Still, Castro's officials, warned by the fate of Dr. Peraza, who from his prison was issuing demands that the bodies of his patients be exhumed and examined for plague, insisted that La Guayra was free of the pest. Let us see what the actual conditions were. The local paper had suddenly, and without any apparent reason, ceased to publish any mortality figures. But, from the latest facts published up to that time, it appeared that there were from eighteen to twenty deaths per week from unexplained causes. As to the causes for the spread of the infection, the statement of a German visitor to La Guayra, who has seen plague in the Far East, is enlightening.

"In my walks about town," he says, "I had noticed a strong stench arising from a pile of timber lying in one of the streets. This was in the prostitutes' quarter, where the first cases of the plague occurred. No effort was made to do away with the nuisance, the authorities, as I understand, making the excuse that it was merely a clogging of surface drainage beneath the timbers. Dead rats began to appear in the gutter thereabout. I myself saw several dying rodents dragging themselves about the place, and noted on the bodies the typical glandular swellings. Of course, I can't say positively that it was bubonic plague, and wouldn't have said so then anyway, as I am not partial to Venezuelan jails. The swellings may have been mosquito bites and the rats may have died of sunstroke. But when, finally, they cleared away the timber, nearly two thousand dead rats were found, and every one of the laborers engaged in the work died within a few days."

In time "concealment, like a worm in the bud," began to feed upon the damask cheek even of Venezuelan officialdom, a pretty hardy cheek, be it said. Matters were going from bad to worse; the disease was increasing; panic threatened. Consul Moffat was issuing foul bills of health and warning his Government as to the truth of conditions. In the middle of April he cabled to Washington a despatch made public by the State Department: "Nature disease not officially announced. Doctors refusing all information. Deaths continuing. Certify sanitary conditions not good. According to best information at hand, have every reason to believe disease plague."

That brought back Dr. Rangel, the twenty-four-hour bacteriologist. He made new experiments, and read before the local medical board a report which was suppressed by the authorities. In this report he admitted

that the "infernidad misteriosa" was bubonic in type, and his excuse for not having discovered it a month before when he made his inoculations was that the blood and virus used was from syphilitic patients in the hospital, and not from the plague patients, all of whom had been buried! The report made no mention of Dr. Peraza's demands that the bodies be exhumed. Dr. Peraza was immediately released from jail by Presidential order, made director of the plague hospital, and specially decorated with honors. This was Castro's method of indicating that he himself had been deceived as to the nature of the "mysterious illness." Yet Castro had been informed, personally and privately, by a medical man in whom he had confidence, early in the infection, that it was the bubonic plague.

Even now he would not specifically admit the truth. On April 18 he decreed the port of La Guayra closed and the city quarantined for fifteen days, the preamble to the decree being a gem of Castroan diplomacy:

"Whereas, For the past month there has become apparent in the city of La Guayra a disease, the nature and character of which has not accurately been determined, exhibiting symptoms unknown to medical science; and, 'Whereas, The opinion up to the present is that the disease is of the nature of an inflammatory fever accompanied by tubercles of various magnitude; and,

"Whereas, During the space of thirty days there have been found hardly twelve cases, with three deaths; and,

"Whereas, Until the disease or class of epidemic has been exactly determined, it is unknown to the roster of infections; be it decreed," and so on.

What an "inflammatory fever accompanied by tubercles of various magnitude" may mean, only a soothsayer could interpret. It suggests a pleasing mixture of rheumatism, malaria, and galloping consumption. As for the "hardly twelve cases, with three deaths," there had been, from the best indications, upward of one hundred deaths, and no one knows how many cases. La Guayra became a shut-off city. Gangs of stevedores were set to work burning houses, flooding the streets with oil,

and transporting the sick to the lazaretto. A resident of La Guayra who had been unable to get away was awakened one night by rats trooping over his bed. They had been driven out of their haunts by fire and were "running the roofs." In the morning he found three of the visitors dead on the floor. All showed the bubonic swellings.

Isolating the Consul

A BOUT this time it was rumored that there had been a death from the pest in the American Consulate. The Consul, it was said with satisfaction, was to be "isolated," which meant that he was to be taken to the lazaretto. Once at the lazaretto he would, presumably, cease to trouble, and La Guayra could continue, peacefully and poisonously, to keep open port, for few, if any, of the "isolated" returned to the world. Not improbably it was some rumor of the isolation project which led Mr. Moffat to immerse himself upon the American soil of the Consulate, and there, in the absence of his servants, who had been discharged, to live alone for several days, cooking his own meals with what little food he could obtain. On May 23 a United States gunboat took him away, the Government having been unable to communicate with him. Immediately, the "trouble-maker" having departed, Castro declared La Guayra an open port, certifying it free of disease. Within a very few days another death from the "infernidad misteriosa" failed of concealment, and the news went forth that the city was still infected. Not until then did the merchants join forces, raise a sum of money, and really purge the city. From beginning to end there were probably not less than four hundred deaths from bubonic plague in La Guayra.

All this time President Castro, regardless of his nation's oath, refrained from notifying the United States of the presence of bubonic plague. Not only did he refrain, but he used all measures to suppress the facts

and the danger, deliberately imperiling other nations in the commercial interests of his own. Further than this, when a United States Marine Hospital surgeon, a duly accredited representative of our Federal health service, took ship for Puerto Cabello to make a personal investigation of conditions there and elsewhere in Venezuela, Castro, arbitrarily and without right, forbade him to land. The United States meekly accepted that, as it had accepted the violation of its official mail. Small wonder that President Castro believes our country to be in awe of his prowess.

Bubonic plague is to-day rife in Venezuela. Though the official mouthpieces are silent, there is no denial of its spread in and about Caracas. Any ship sailing from the country may carry it. I have no wish to pose as an alarmist. It seems to me highly improbable that New York should be, in any general sense, infected by bubonic plague from Venezuela or elsewhere. But a general infection is not essential to commercial disaster. A very few scattered cases might mean a quarantine against the port of New York, the cost of which would run literally to millions of dollars per week. And our Southern ports are not so protected by climate and conditions of life as is New York. Can New Orleans and Galveston feel safe when cargoes from infected Venezuela, and with the cargo rats, are landed upon their wharfs? Finally there is Panama, an ideal breeding-place for the "black death." Should the infection become established there, should the medical authorities who have won the splendid victory over yellow fever and malaria be called upon to make the same fight against the bubonic plague germ, the project of building the canal might well be delayed for years. The Venezuelan peril is many-sided. So long as that nation conceals the existence of the pest, so long as it refuses to our diplomatic representatives or to our scientific emissaries the fullest and frankest information as to sanitary and hygienic conditions, it should, for our own safety, be regarded as an infected country, and rigid quarantine be established and maintained against its ports.



The true prophecy of the human spelling blocks—the Republican parade of October 31 through the streets of New York

The Election of 1908

A Summary of the Significant Results—Taft's Victory Over Bryan Nearly as Complete as That of Roosevelt Over Parker in 1904—Congress Still Strongly Republican and Cannon Promises Tariff Revision—Independence Shown in the Votes for Governors of Various States

By J. M. OSKISON

BRYAN'S third defeat was one of the expected results. The poor showing of Debs was unexpected. Both can be explained by the wide, emphatic endorsement of Roosevelt's policies and Roosevelt's candidate. Mr. Taft made it plain at the beginning of his canvass that he was pledged to carry on President Roosevelt's campaign of regulation. In the outcome, he carried every State that Roosevelt carried in 1904 with the exception of Nebraska, Nevada, Colorado, Missouri and Maryland went Republican again, as they did in 1904. Otherwise the South stood "solid." In the Middle West and the Pacific Coast States, Taft's pluralities were only about half of what Roosevelt received in 1904—his plurality of popular votes throughout the country was likewise about half that of Roosevelt. The difference indicates the comparative strength of Bryan and Parker in such States as Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, California, and Oregon. Kansas, for example, gave Roosevelt five times the plurality that she turned in for Taft.

With a party as nearly united as it has been since 1892 at his back, with former members of the Cleveland Cabinet actively campaigning for him, Mr. Bryan received fewer electoral votes than in 1896. He was, in a number of States, notably weaker than his party. John Johnson's habit of carrying Minnesota undoubtedly helped him to keep that State Democratic as to the Governorship, and yet Bryan was decisively beaten. In Ohio, reversing pre-election prophecies, Judson Harmon, Democrat, was elected Governor, and Taft carried the State easily. The story was repeated in Indiana,

where Thomas R. Marshall was made Governor, and a Democratic Legislature, which will choose a successor to United States Senator Hemenway, elected. Again, in Michigan, Taft's great plurality stands in contrast with the vote of Lawton T. Hemans, Democrat, against Governor Warner. Two years ago John Burke, Democrat, was elected Governor of North Dakota, ostensibly because of bitter factional fighting among the Republicans. This time he was reelected, though Taft's victory in North Dakota was easy.

As to the vote for President, the "doubtful" States remembered their traditions. New York rolled up a huge plurality for the Republican candidate; Ohio gave a comfortable plurality for Taft; Indiana voted for Taft; Wisconsin, for reasons touching the orthodoxy of Senator La Follette, had been classed as doubtful, but the result was reminiscent of Roosevelt's huge plurality in 1904. Mr. Taft's sincere assurance of loyalty to the Roosevelt policies kept in line States in the West, while a widely promulgated impression that, in spite of his promises, he would forget Roosevelt held Republican Eastern States like New York and New Jersey. There was, indeed, so little vitality in the Bryan program, from the New York point of view, that Taft's plurality in that State rose above the high mark set by Roosevelt four years ago. New York City, a normal, almost "hide-bound," Democratic stronghold, voted Republican for the first time since 1896.

The state of mind of the average Democrat toward his candidate was expressed by the New York "World" the morning after the election. "Mr. Bryan's overwhelming defeat," it said, "is made the more significant by reason of Mr. Taft's vulnerability." General hard times, a million workers out of employment, business disturbed, the rising cost of living, "an unparalleled disaffection of

labor leaders," unexpected loss of negro support, factional fights in New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, a platform that was all but meaningless until elaborated by the speech of acceptance, and the resentment among a large class of independents against the President's presumption in naming his political heir—these were the Republican candidate's vulnerable points. Of course, in view of the result, the average Democrat thinks this is the end of Bryan.

The Make-Up of Congress

CONGRESS will be strongly Republican. In the House, the figures will probably be: Republicans, 217; Democrats, 174. This is a loss of fourteen for the ruling party. Speaker Cannon was returned by about his usual vote. It is taken for granted that he will be again chosen Speaker of the House, though he has put himself on record as wanting to pass the honor to some one else. Of the Speaker's close associates, Tawney, Dazell, and Payne are returned, as are Bartholdt of Missouri, Madden of Illinois, and Crumacker of Indiana. Hepburn of Iowa was beaten, and Victor Murdock of Kansas, who made his canvass on the one issue of Cannonism, was reelected. Overstreet of Indiana is lost to the Cannon forces. In character, the House is unchanged. In spite of this, however, Mr. Cannon predicted that tariff revision would be one of the first subjects tackled by the Sixty-first Congress. To reassure the timid, however, the Speaker promised such a revision as would not "halt production" or lower wages.

The complexion of the Senate is, of course, unchanged. A Democrat will succeed Hemenway in Indiana, and Governor Chamberlain, a Democrat, will succeed Fulton of

Oregon. Credited to the progressives among the new Republican Senators will be Bristow of Kansas, Jones of Washington, Cummins of Iowa, and Crawford of South Dakota. What will be done in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Connecticut, and California it is impossible to predict, though the opportunities for beneficent changes are great.

Of the State results, the victory of Hughes in New York was perhaps the most popular. A strong, well-backed campaign was waged against him by interests as diverse as the race-track followers and the anti-osteopaths. Mr. Chanler, the present Lieutenant-Governor, whose election two years ago was an indication of the State's Democratic leaning, was his opponent, and behind him were ranked the noisy "Personal Liberty League" and a formidable body of so-called business men who have resented Governor Hughes's firm stand for law enforcement and the regulation of public utilities. A plurality of about 70,000 and the defeat of two of the three "race-track" State Senators who stood for reelection show how effective the country-wide praise of Hughes was. His success, too, was another Roosevelt achievement, for the President had insisted strongly upon his nomination, and at the close of the campaign the heavy fire of the National Committee was turned upon New York State.

The choice for Governor of Deneen in Illinois, of Johnson in Minnesota, and of Hadley in Missouri were real triumphs of independence. Connecticut neglected an opportunity—George R. Lilley, elected Governor, is a machine Republican. Another lost opportunity was that in New Hampshire, where Henry B. Quinby, the candidate of the Boston and Maine Railroad, squeezed in as Governor.

The figures in Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, and Texas indicated a rapidly growing Republican strength in the "solid South." Maryland's popular vote was cast for Taft; but the vote is so close as to recall the scant 51 which Roosevelt received in 1904. Decidedly unexpected was the failure of the Socialist Party to increase its vote radically. In New York City the total was approximately the same as in 1904; in Chicago there was a heavy loss. Socialists say that the vote in Chicago four years ago was abnormal, since the election of 1904 followed the meat strike so closely. Morris Hillquit, the Socialist leader in New York and a candidate for Congress, ran only one hundred votes ahead of Debs in his district, and was beaten by Representative Goldfogle, the Tammany candidate. Nowhere did Hearst's Independence Party seem to show any particular strength. Hisgen's considerable vote in Massachusetts was a personal tribute.

As usual, the "labor vote" failed to detach itself from the mass and march over to the support of either party en bloc. Mr. Gompers supported Bryan, though he made no serious attempt to "deliver the labor vote" to him. The one definite fight Mr. Gompers made was upon Cannon in the Eighteenth Illinois District, and it seemed to have no effect.

For the first time, Bryan carried his own precinct.

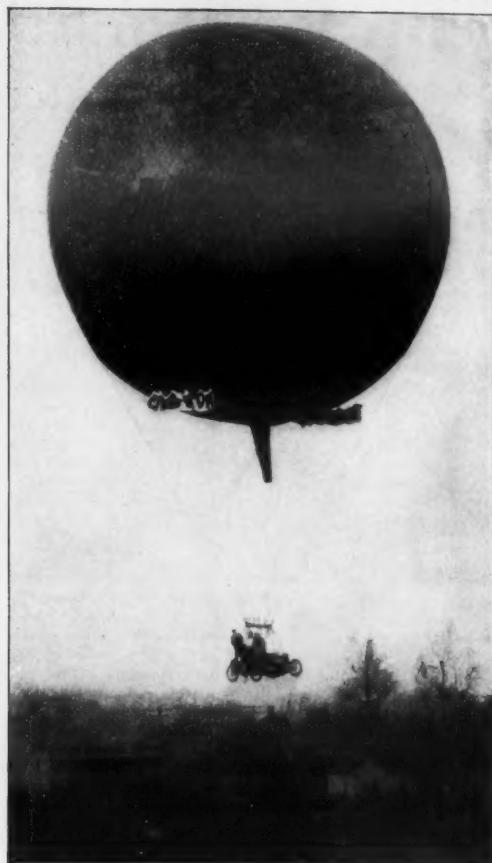
Table Showing Division of the Electoral Vote for the Last Four Campaigns

	1908		1904		1900		1896	
	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.	D.
Alabama . . .		11		11		11		11
Arkansas . . .		9		9		8		8
California . . .	10		10		9		8	
Colorado . . .		5		5		4		4
Connecticut . . .	7		7		6		6	
Delaware . . .	3		3		3		3	
Florida . . .		5		5				4
Georgia . . .		13		13		13		13
Idaho . . .	3		3			3		3
Illinois . . .	27		27		24		24	
Indiana . . .	15		15		15		15	
Iowa . . .	13		13		13		13	
Kansas . . .	10		10		10		10	
Kentucky . . .		13		13		13		12
Louisiana . . .		9		9		8		8
Maine . . .	6		6		6		6	
Maryland . . .	12		7		8		8	
Massachusetts . . .	16		16		15		15	
Michigan . . .	14		14		14		14	
Minnesota . . .	11		11		9		9	
Mississippi . . .		10		10		9		9
Missouri . . .	18		18		17		17	
Montana . . .	3		3		3		3	
Nebraska . . .		8		8		8		8
Nevada . . .		3		3		3		3
New Hampshire . . .	4		4		4		4	
New Jersey . . .	12		12		10		10	
New York . . .	39		39		36		36	
North Carolina . . .		12		12		11		11
North Dakota . . .	4		4		3		3	
Ohio . . .	23		23		23		23	
Oklahoma . . .		7		7				
Oregon . . .	4		4		4		4	
Pennsylvania . . .	34		34		32		32	
Rhode Island . . .	4		4		4		4	
South Carolina . . .		9		9		9		9
South Dakota . . .	4		4		4		4	
Tennessee . . .		12		12		12		12
Texas . . .		18		18		15		15
Utah . . .	3		3		3		3	
Vermont . . .	4		4		4		4	
Virginia . . .		12		12		12		12
Washington . . .	5		5		4		4	
West Virginia . . .	7		7		6		6	
Wisconsin . . .	13		13		12		12	
Wyoming . . .	3		3		3		3	
Total . . .	320	163	336	140	292	155	271	176

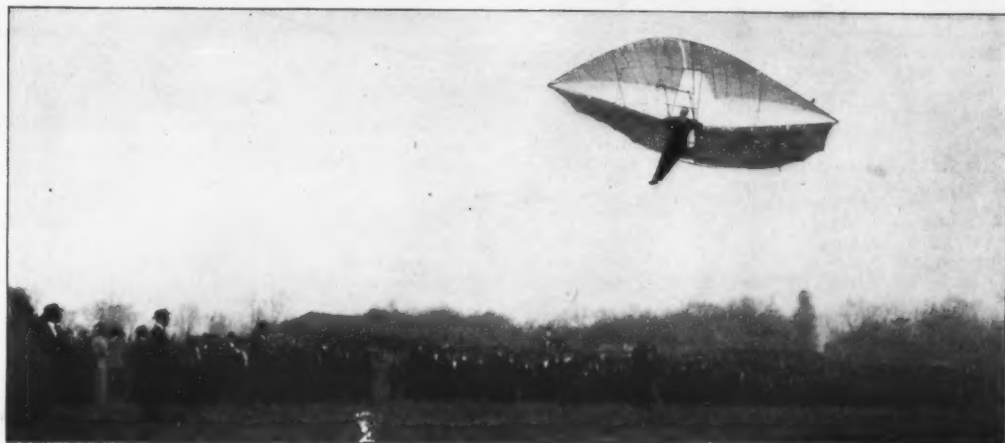
Y Nov. 14



Forty minutes before the polls closed William H. Taft, the President-elect, cast his vote in a plumbing shop in the Second Ward of Cincinnati



With an automobile for a basket, a balloon soared two hours at Indianapolis, October 30. The owners returned in the car with the balloon



The gliding-machine flight of Laurence J. Lesh, the sixteen-year-old boy, just before he fell and broke his leg at Morris Park, New York, November 3



Uncelling the Harrison Monument in Indianapolis on October 27

Dr. Parkhurst: The Gadfly of New York

The Man Who Wilfully Destroyed His Prestige and Influence of 1894 in Order to Stay True to Type

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

CHARLES HENRY PARKHURST has been pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church since 1880. He became president in 1891 of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. In February, 1892, he preached a denunciatory sermon that made him a national figure. He charged the city officials with corruption. He followed this sermon with personal investigations and a series of sermons, and published statements on the prevalence of open and police-protected vice throughout the city. As the direct result of his activity the Lexow Committee was appointed. It laid bare the definite and widespread system of police protection for vice in return for money payments. In November, 1894, Tammany Hall was defeated as the result of these revelations, and Mayor Strong elected. This reform victory was conceded to be the single-handed work of Dr. Parkhurst. Through his society he continued for fourteen years to point out that either the existent laws should be enforced or else changed to more liberal laws that could be enforced. On November 10 he resigned from the presidency of the Society for the Prevention of Crime.

"If you kill me, you will not easily find another like me, who, if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, am a sort of gadfly given to the state by the God."—*The Apology of Socrates.*

A LONE of clergymen, all New York City is aware of Dr. Parkhurst. And he is so intensely metropolitan as to be a figure of national size. Dr. Parkhurst's appeal is to the soul of man. He has no compelling personal magnetism. He can never win easy friends by a myriad of little personal favors. His appeal is to the highest elements in man's make-up, to those alone. There will always be a thousand thousand men who do not care for such an appeal. And not only that. Even the men who care will now and again tire of such an appeal.

Dr. Parkhurst feels New York at a hundred points of contact. He has submitted a sensitive, highly wrought organism to the torrential life of the city. With all its engines it has racked him and torn from him a cry—now for the blasphemy of some stanch New England verity and now for the overthrow of a scholarly Puritan habit. The fierce blind rush of the Wall Street life, the prevalence of divorce, the growth of the imperialistic spirit, the decay of the churches—all these things have made him writhe, and the reaction has expressed itself in piercing English.

The people have never failed to hear those cries, so poignant has been the gift of expression. For sixteen years, forty or fifty times a year, the newspapers of the United States have reported the utterance of the wounded spirit, and then hurled themselves with editorial fury on the utterance.

"When it is given a private citizen, not holding any office under the Government," said Theodore Roosevelt, former Police Commissioner of New York, "to be the mainspring in the mightiest revolution in municipal politics ever seen on this continent, when it is given to that man to accomplish more to elevate the moral tone in a city than has ever been done by a private individual in the country, come well or ill, he may be satisfied with his work, and it is right that we make him feel that we appreciate what he has done. It is refreshing to find conscience combined with common sense. I wish I could inoculate some of the combination into some other people. When I began to enforce the law, persons said: 'Don't do that; Parkhurst will soon be asking everything of you.' As a matter of fact, he has never asked anything."

The man on the sidewalk has commonly sneered at him, the prosperous business man has disliked him, and the church people have ignored him. The New York "Times" has asked, editorially, how much longer he is to be permitted to remain in the pulpit.

What has turned almost hysterical enthusiasm into biting criticism? The answer can be given in a sentence. Dr. Parkhurst destroyed his influence in order that he might be true to his vision. The city lost a leader to gain a prophet.

Five factors have combined to make the general public antagonistic to Dr. Parkhurst:

1. His criticism of public officials—particularly of Roosevelt.
2. An austerity of utterance, on occasion, that does injustice to his qualities of sympathy.
3. An aggressive, belligerent attitude toward corruption.
4. His 1892 visits to disorderly houses to secure evidence.
5. His annual newspaper interviews on sailing to Europe and on his return.

Now these five are merely expressions of his supreme endowment—moral earnestness. From the day, seventeen years ago, when he realized that the city is full of impurity that makes decent living hard for the young men, he has been continuously on fire, and he will be impassioned till he dies. His sermons of this year have more central fire in them than those of any preceding year of his life.

And the antagonism he arouses is not because a lack of balanced judgment has been shown at a given situation, but because a moral challenge has been thrown down.

The public have resented his interviews given out just before sailing for Europe each summer and on his return from Europe. "Why leave the city to stew in its own rot for four months if things are so bad?"

I think there is distinct justification for the feeling. I think these interviews have been a mistake of judgment. But the interviews are merely excesses of the same untamable earnestness that has kept Dr. Parkhurst striking at the paid alliance between vice and the police for seventeen years. He wants the public to know that municipal life is still a battleground.

On November 27, 1894, he said: "I wonder if you know that, notwithstanding the Lexow investigation and the vote of November 6, the Police Department, all the way through, is just exactly as rotten to-night as it was three years ago."

On November 8, 1903, he achieved the most famous phrase of his career—the imperishable "lid."

"Oh, yes, that was great preaching on Tuesday. God took the lid off of hell, and let us smell some of the smoke that ascends forever and ever."

One of his excellencies is the literary treatment of current events. Like Pliny sitting by Vesuvius and writing of its upheaval and infernal glory, Dr. Parkhurst records in undying English the glare of the underworld of New York, its eruptions and lava-lakes. Thus, on October 25, 1903, he said of the Tammany revelations volunteered by Mr. Devery:

"One of the most hopeless and blackest of the entire brood has consented temporarily to play the office of an angel of light, and is daily holding the criminal gang and its criminal chief on the anxious seat and publicly laying his own dirty finger on the moral griminess of the gang, and in the audience of the people vociferating salient chapters of the coy and hidden life of his late accomplices."

I never know, in going of a Sunday, as I have been going for sixteen years, to what new reach that day he will push his command of language, and to what heroism of action he will drive his fragile organism. It may be a meditation on Sorrow, set in a poetic minor key, like one of Christina Rossetti's poems. It may be a triumphant affirmation of the Life Everlasting and the onward march of the human soul. It may be a call to arms for the young men in a city. I only know that he has the gift of utterance, that his preaching is a call to righteousness.

The appeal to public opinion is totally different from the appeal to the spiritual life of men. It is through public opinion that legislative action is obtained, and that definite concrete gains to the community are secured. The man who can continuously appeal to public opinion to back up his actions, and enact into law his remedial suggestions, must be of hearty, good-natured physique, a master of legitimate compromise, and one able to work side by side with all sorts of persons. Above all, he must have the gift of suppression. He must never speak the flaming word that leaps from the angered mood.

A Higher Critic

MASTER of the other mood is Dr. Parkhurst, who speaks out the truth as he knows it of every man, and of events as they shape themselves. He brings men and things into the presence of the soul. His appeal is only to the spiritual nature. His criticism is that of a heart that is grieved because despite has been done to holiness.

The types are not interchangeable. To lose either would be to retard race progress.

And if it should be asked why the prophet can not withhold himself from criticism, that apparently impedes some definite work of partial merit, the reply will be found in an ancient volume that reads:

"Some one will say: 'Yes, Socrates, but can not you hold your tongue, and then you may go into a foreign city, and no one will interfere with you?' If I tell you that this would be a disobedience to a divine command, and therefore that I can not hold my tongue, you will not believe that I am serious."

The paid alliance between vice and the police force was the situation which Dr. Parkhurst wished to burn in upon the community. Never at any time has he exploited theories upon the social evil. His views upon Sunday saloon opening are liberal.

On May 28, 1892, he said: "There is collusion between the Police Department and the criminal classes, and a money consideration is given to the police for their complaisance. That is the nub of all my work."

And here enters the fascinating and perplexing fact that in your moral crusade, instead of having all or most of your good people on one side and unalloyed vice on the other, what you actually have are the temporarily aroused prosperous classes on one side and "God's common people" on the other side.

The proclamation of the clear-cut line of severance between right and wrong is invaluable as an awakening force. Iteration of the paid alliance between vice and the police force, and therefore between vice and politics,

drives men to remedial action. But such remedial action in the end will not come from our high-minded business men.

"After me, cometh a builder."

And with Dr. Parkhurst, one feels he has lacked a complete response and has suffered a limitation of power because of the make-up of his church membership. It is a Presbyterian church of intellectually conservative and wealthy city persons—prosperous business men, physicians, corporation lawyers. Their response is admirable in material ways. The church is in excellent financial condition. They build him a large structure for his East Side mission. They give forty thousand dollars at one collection when he asks it. They have stood by him as a church when his utterances were angrily disputed through forty-five States.

An Intellect on Fire

BUT great preaching has rarely been done to that sort of audience. Spurgeon's congregation was of a quite other sort. "Not to the rich, not to the mighty," was it that Moody and Beecher came. "Simple people, who carry in their hearts a desire for mere goodness" have been the backbone and structural upholding of passionate religious work. Now, I am bound to say, after an occasional attendance of sixteen years, and an unbroken attendance of three years, that the Madison Square Presbyterian Church is no church for "simple people." The unfailingly crowded morning congregation of 980 to 990 persons is, to be sure, nearly half composed of strangers. But these are drawn from every portion of the United States. They are not the great homeless body of resident New Yorkers. A sailor from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a Boston school-teacher, a commercial traveler, a Glasgow official and his wife—these, for instance, have been successive occupants of my pew. That is a matter of national newspaper reputation.

But the feeling will not down that his sermons at their best are almost unrelated to his audience. The reaction of this upon the preacher has been to make him preach at times with a subconsciousness of failure and impotence, as if he knew that there was a waste of the Holy Ghost.

But by this same lack of the reciprocal relationship on the highest level between him and his hearers there has been inwrought a change upon his genius, so that the very absence of response has sharpened and intensified his preaching gift. An easy emotional reciprocity, such as mob orators enjoy, between the speaker and the audience, might have stopped him short in the quest for truth.

His preaching, at its best, passes out of the realm of criticism and denunciation and the snapping epigram into an untroubled air. His greatest sermons are preached from such texts as "From Everlasting to Everlasting, Thou art God," "This is Life Eternal." In preaching such sermons, his voice changes from the strong, almost strident, notes of his denouncing moods to a low, winning tone that can be heard only a few pews away. The mood of these utterances is not only an intimation of immortality, it is an assurance of immortality.

A living intellect, whose normal function is destructive analysis, has pushed through to the heights of reality, has gone on and on to the light. No one who has heard him understandingly at these times can doubt that we have in New York a prophet as authentic as any of the line of Enoch. The struggle has passed into harmony, the style has lost its asperity. He gives human life a significance that is thrilling.

He once said of Carlyle's "French Revolution": "I feel that the man who wrote that book was crazy. I don't mean that he was insane. I mean that he was on fire, all the way through, for every sentence."

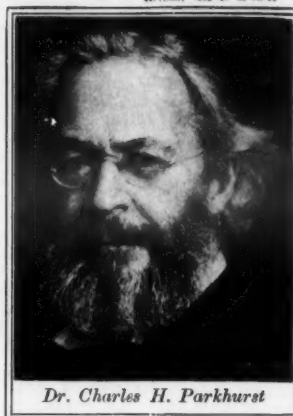
True of Carlyle, for all his life, and true of Dr. Parkhurst, in all his actions and words. He is a great intellect on fire. Sometimes it scorches, sometimes it burns, and in supreme moments it becomes a clear light.

He sees the onward march of the soul, how the individual spirit-life gropes and flutters, but comes from God and goes to God, and grows because of the blind struggle, and wins a higher music because of the agony, and feeds itself and is nourished on the very problems it does not solve.

I do not know a more gallant spectacle than that of this man, Sunday by Sunday, preaching with more fire than ever he preached with.

Without the oratorical equipment, with no voice, and a slight body, he has been told off to sound the advance of the race. It is as if an invalid were driven by the inner urge to become a pioneer, to break into a fresh zone, and from a sick bed to sight the new mountains and beyond them the sea. In human words, he has to report to a cynical city the set of the deep-sea currents and the drift of the constellations.

Explosively, he chants the happenings of the world behind the veil, and records the flashes, more frequent each month, reflected from the sea of light.



Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst



A Russian Jew from the Ghetto "making good" on the land



Students of the Baron de Hirsch Agricultural School in Woodbine sorting strawberries

The Jew as Farmer

By BERNARD GORIN

UNLESS thorough and wise measures are swiftly taken in our larger cities, particularly New York, the next twenty-five years will see conditions of population congestion so much worse than the present as to be appalling. Dark rooms, three or more occupants in thousands of single rooms, crowded factories, tubercular sweatshops, are a few of the already entrenched evils of city life in the lower and the upper East Side.

To establish the East Side Jew immigrant as a farmer is a form of relief work that should receive wide publicity and aid. It means working at prevention of vile conditions in place of surface relief.

The photographs on this page show vividly but with entire truth the two sorts of life for the immigrant—the city life and the country life. It is the jammed and chattering East Side street, noisome with stale vegetables, as a residence section, against a little house of his own, with a garden and space to live. It is 3,500 human beings on a single block, with the gutter for the children's playground, as balanced against a personal acre where the "kiddies" can hang a swing from the apple tree—untroubled by automobiles and lager beer wagons and trolley cars.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the first Jewish agricultural colony in South Jersey saw the Jew well established as a farmer. The colony was founded in May, 1882, shortly after the first anti-Jewish riots in Russia, and was named Alliance in honor of the "Alliance Israelite Universelle" of France, which furnished the funds for its foundation.

The first settlers numbered twenty-five families. They were pioneers in every sense, as the soil allotted them was overgrown with scrub-oak, stunted pine, and bush. Each settler received fifteen acres of land and, for his family, a house, consisting of two rooms and a cellar. For this the farmer was to pay \$350 within ten years' time. For the first nine months each family received from eight to twelve dollars a month. After that the new farmers had to shift for themselves. It was hard going for the early years, and some returned permanently to city life. But when the tide turned, and a living flowed in from the soil, people began to come out from the cities and throw in their lot on the land. Communities sprang up near Alliance: among them Norma, Garton Road, Carmel, Rosenhayn, and Brothmansville. These are Jewish communities, with 350 farmers, a total of land from 8,000 to 9,000 acres, valued at over \$400,000, and personal property valued at \$100,000. The indebtedness of the combined colonies would amount to about twenty-five per cent.

Most of these several hundred South Jersey Jewish farmers were ignorant of agriculture when they started. Their task has not been easy, but the rewards are good health, a farm and stock, and an assured livelihood. There is the instance of a man who used to be a tailor in New York City and on borrowed money bought his farm in Alliance. To-day his income ranges from \$1,500 to \$1,800 a year. The farming is nearly all truck-farming.

Another and similar colony is that of Woodbine, New Jersey, one hour distant by train from the communities just described. The farmers here have had a severe struggle, as the soil is very poor, and there is no near market. But the agricultural hardships were in part overcome by changing the economic basis to that of an industrial community. And we have in Woodbine a borough of over two thousand persons, with a purely Jewish local government. Lifted out of sweatshops and rear tenements, the people are happier in the pure air and decent environment than in Ghetto life, and they are not mortgaging the future with weakness and disease. The farmers here have, of course, no easy time. But the advantages are real, in spite of the hard, unremitting toil. There is an agricultural school in which from fifty to sixty Jewish young men receive a two-year free course in practical and scientific farming.



Loading clover hay—students of the Baron de Hirsch Agricultural School at work



A young Hebrew boy, lifted from the Ghetto, mowing clover for hay



Farm life versus the Ghetto. Any one of a thousand East Side streets—push-cart litter, bad air, bad food

SAN FRANCISCO, November 1, 1908

To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY who have been frequently nominated to be President by loving Japanese subscribers; but he must refuse such jobs, thank you, because too busy with ink-pen—and he would rather write than be President.

HON. MR. SIR:—

ELECTION DAY are now within short gasp of here & all Japanese Schoolboys of my acquaintanceship are running back and forth. Symptoms of tense patriotism for them. I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, have pasted in window-pain of his shave store 2 portraits of fat & famous Americans. On one portrait he have wrote following description in Japanese:

"HON. WM. JENNY BRYAN
"He Will Deliver the Nation out of Peril."

On other fat portrait he have wrote:

"HON. WM. H. TAFT
"He Will Deliver the Goods out of Kindness."

I were a-standing by sidewalk making eye-glances at them 2 sweet portraits & choosing which to vote for (if Yellow Peril could do so, thank you) when uply come Arthur Kickahajama with sad-dogged expression of dizzy heart.

"Hashimura Togo," he unpack, "why you gaz at them 2 Presidents with rapture of ears?"

"Soon one will be elected," I apply, "then troubles of this Kingdom will be all over."

"Over!!!" dib Arthur Kickahajama for shreech. "Over!!!" He make thrills of knuckles which are sure symbol of allepeptick fits.

Then he drag from interior pocket of coat some rippings from newspaper.



"Why you gaz at them 2 Presidents with rapture of ears?"

press which he read me with bearse voice. From "Daily Hoot," violently conservative Republican paper, he read as following:

"If Bryan are elected ruin will be enjoyed everywhere. Heaven are expected to fall any minute. Corn will refuse to grow in Kansas & National Guard will be called out to make it do so. In South niggers will be darker & more lynched. Hens will neglect to surrender their eggs. America will be considerably cursed. Election of Hon. Bryan should be cause of great national funeral."

"So glad to hear this in time," I riggle. "Therefore I shall vote for Hon. Taft if I could."

Arthur for glum read following editorial from "Daily Riot," seriously Democratic hand-organ:

"If Taft are elected America will quit. Common People will be scrunched by downtroddery. Truth will also receive hourly chops by ax. Kings will appear everywhere riding in automobiles. Daily excursions to Siberia will be enjoyed by masses. Groans. Right of free speeches will be denied to Henry Watterson & bloodshed must therefore ensue. Patriots will grunt with de-ranked hair. Election of Hon. Taft should be cause of great national mourning."

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

XL—Election Day

By HASHIMURA TOGO



"O! sweethearted Mrs. Madam, I enjoy a brainache this morning, thank you"

"So sad!" say Arthur, "America must therefore go to complete doggly smitthrine on date of Nov. 3."

"Are they no way to escape this?" I alarm with face.

"Only one," commute Arthur, "Perhaps Bluejean V. Debs might be elected by mistake."

MR. EDITOR, I go way from Arthur full of damp thoughts about Election Day. I go to grassy yard of Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, 286 pounds complete gentleness, and there I work my job assisting shrubbage to grow for \$1.10 daily payment. My dog O-Fido company me there & are entirely useless, as usual. While I are to work soothing her lawn with rakes I are continually thinking for selfish brain: "If I merely had 1 day lie-off from work I might do something to save America." So I wish I could & O-Fido agree with snubbed tail.

Soonly come Mrs. Lusy Macdonald in dainty pink rapper which look like 3 queens. Angelick expressions for her.

"Togo," she say-it, "have you got a ill to look so languish?"

"O! sweethearted Mrs. Madam, I enjoy a brainache this morning, thank you," are complain from me. "Could I not obtain a lie-off from work, thanks so much, please?"

"Why so you require such a lie-off?" are burst from her.

"With sufficient leisure I might save America," I mention.

"Such worthy thought!" she relish. "Therefore you are permitted 1 day lie-off from rakish labors on lawn."

I make back-away with humbel bows. O-Fido do somewhat similar. When we arrive to gate-post Mrs. Lusy Macdonald exclaim for sweetness:

"How you shall spent this day of idle enjoyment, please?"

"I shall spent it in worrying about the ruin of America which should occur on Nov. 3," are fuss I make & do a vanish. O-Fido do same way.

So I go to street corner & set on water-plog to enjoy sorrow without interrupt. O-Fido devote time smelling rats which is not there under pavement.

Near off by lamp-post I see several carpenter-mans at work in middle of street a-building 1 tiny house of delicious sheet-iron. It were a awful temporary-looking struxure of 6 x 10 architecture.

Pretty soonly long come one Hon. Police by name Paul Smutz who get my affection by arrest of Bunkio Saguchi for gin-drunk. I are a proud acquaintanceship to this hero.

"Such oddy house!" I say-it with points to place what them carpenter-mans was a-building. "What you call such a cabin in American language?"

"That house," say Hon. Police, "are called a Pole."

"It do not look like a Pole in appearance," I otter. "To Japanese Schoolboy it look more like a penitentiary for white rabbits."

"So wicked thought!" say Hon. Police with buttons. "That tiny house to which you now look at are Palladium of American Liberty."

"What do Americans do in such a Palladium?" are next question for me.

"They votes for Presidents," ollicute Hon. Smutz with helmet.

"So happy!" I say-it. "In them tiny doll-cabins Presidents is manufactured by ballet-box every 4 years! Were Pres. Roosevelt made in a little tin cottage like that?"

"Absolutely similar," suggest that coply man.

"I are surprised he did not burst it!" are notation for me.

Silences by Hon. Police. Waggish signals by O-Fido.

"How could Hon. Taft be accommodated in such a toy temple?" are intelligent query I make.

"Fat Candidates gets slim votes in some districts," complain he.

"What makes Americans more freer than any other kingdom?" I ask-it because Hon. Smutz are not yet savage.

"Americans is more freer because they are permitted to vote," compute them official.

"So happy Americans!" I snagger. "How free they should all feel going to Pole on Nov. 3 eech with a ballet in his hand to vote it!"

"They should, but do they?" revoke he with club. "Many Americans make long journeys in Election Day to escape that Palladium of Liberty."

"Could they feel free without that sweet privilege?" I require.

"They feel most free when they forget it," he dub. "I prove this by following tabloid statistick:

"1—Out of eech 3 Americans only 1 Registers.

"2—Out of eech 3 who Registers only 1 Votes.

"3—Out of eech 3 who Votes only 1 cares who is Elected."

"How shocky!" I gasp. "By such sinful statistick America must be going to doggly bowwow!" (Howels from O-Fido.)

"Can not some patriots do something to make more votes for Election Day?" are next query I ask.

"Many of them do," say he. "Many persons votes 5 or 6 times eech election to make fatter ballet-box."

"Such noble patriots should recieve at least 1 Carnegie meddle," I lapse.

"They should, but do they?" are repose he say. "There will be much gladness of rejoicing shot off in this Hon. City for Election Night," he add for information.

"I read by newspaper this morning how Election of either Candidates



"Another doubtful State has gone Republican, as usual"

would be cause for great national mourning," I reckon.

"You read the wrong paper," say Hon. Smutz. "When announcement of new President are made entire lid will be removed from America & 4th of July will shoot through. What patriots are not already in saloons will be tied together in magnificent blockade on streets mixed with brass bands, tin-borning, full dinner-pails, Glad-It's-Over Marching Clubs, automobile axidents & other demonstrations of peaceful banzai. Musick-waggons will occasionally sonter by with all office-seekers trying to get on at once. Maddy yalls from crowd when eech newspaper bulletin-board announce that another doubtful State has gone Republican, as usual. Rockets. Occa-

sional fights to make everybody completely cheerful. Fire-engines go by to some joyful blaze. Telegrams arrive. Romp-girls dance along with tickle-feathers. Then O!! Portrait of Future President are flashy to screen. Bells go off confused by whistles & drumcore exploded by throats of 1,000,000 yalling Americans."

"And what next?" I enquire patiently. "Following this," say Hon. Paul Smutz, heroic Police, "following this are complete silence for 4 years."

And he depart off to catch an excessive automobile what done a crime.

MR. Editor, it will require more than explosions to awake Hon. Washington from sweet sleep which will go on for next 4 years. When Associated Press hears slight shock along Patomac it will not be sounds of enrest—it will be merely snores from happy Congressmen. By time this loving letter are theré in your post-office White House furniture are already preparing to be sat on by another kind of Person. Perhaps he will be a bigger man, but I bet my bootware he will not cover so many places at once. In Eecutive Offices a new Voice will kind of quiver & flitter through corridors which is used to being cracked by a Real Racket. In Auntie Room outside will set distinguished statesmans in awful neat rows with eyebrows full of Thought and nothing else. Gentleman Inside may



Treaties will be made in sneaky, gum-slipper manner

say, "Preyariatorius ugly lyre!" now & then, but sound of this curse will be less hearty than of yore-time.

And in that Crowd Outside following sweet faces will be missing:

- 1—Shaggy Pete, Louisiana guide.
- 2—Harvard football captain.
- 3—Mrs. O'Rafferty, mother of 6 twins.
- 4—Rev. Lyman Abbott.
- 5—Spike McGhoul, heavyweight swat.
- 6—Charles Scribbler & Sons.
- 7—Duke De Buzzi and staff.
- 8—Nero, famous trick elephant from Hippodrome.

Them features, Mr. Editor, will be seriously lacking. Cabinet will come together occasionally for slight confap, but it will seem quiet like directors' meeting of Ice Trust. Treaties will be made in sneaky gum-slipper manner. Panama Canal will be finished & nobody know it. New President of America might declare war between U. S. and Germany with less dramatick effect than Hon. Roosevelt got by chasing 3 boys off from White House steps.

Next 4 years will be healthy climate for old persons & delicate children. People will live longer but not so much. And what will happen to us in 1912? Hon. Nick Longworth will explain with American eye-wink!

Thou, too, climb on the Ship of State, Climb on, O happy Candidate!—

And favored Nations shall proclaim

The deeds of You who drag to fame

Your good-for-nothing Running Mate!

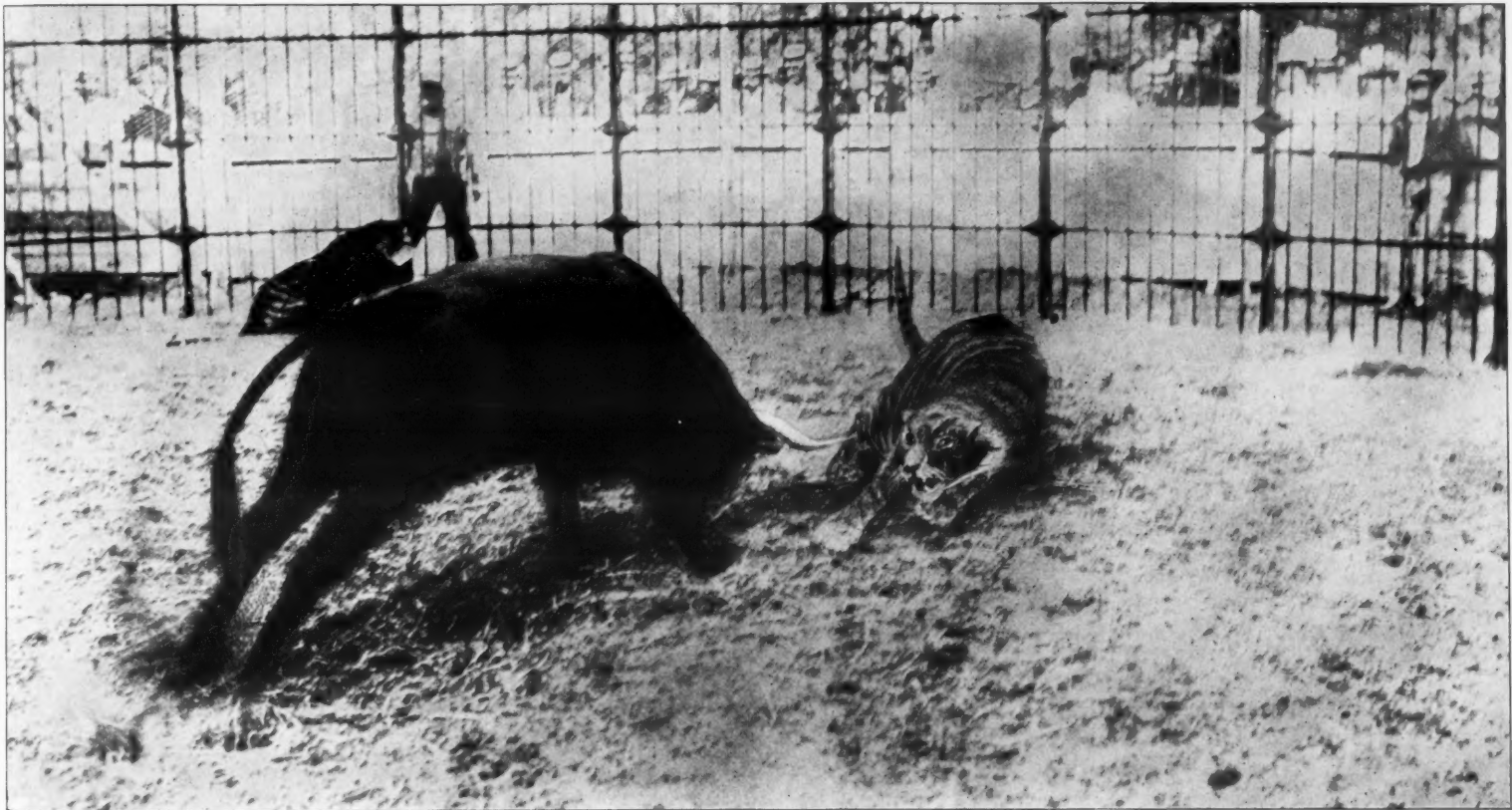
Hoping you are entirely aware,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P.—Banzai! America fleet reach Tokyo and international friendship are glued together by sticky ceremonies. Most sweetest exercise of all was when them 10,000 Japanese school-children sing, "Hail Columbia, Jappy land!"

H. T.



The second tiger attacks the bull and gets hooked in the paw

A Bull Fights Two Tigers

*Seltzer, Firecrackers, and Sticks Employed
to Induce the Jungle Lords to
Tackle the Bull*



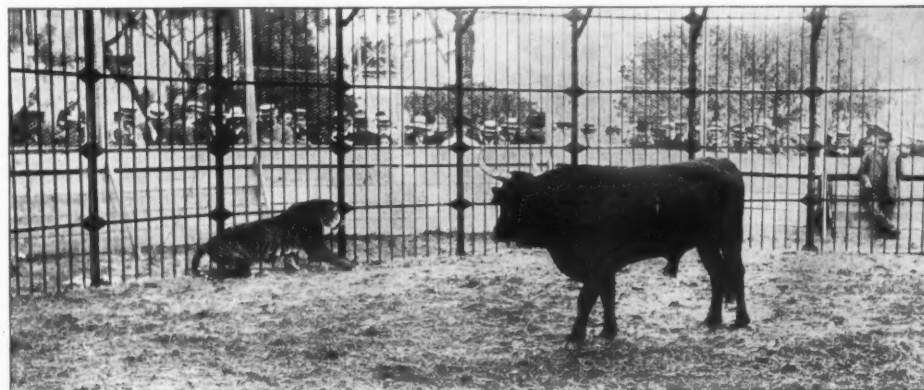
*The tiger tries to get
out of the arena*

IN THE bull-ring at Juarez, El Paso, Texas, on October 18 last, there was held a fight between a bull and a tiger. According to the newspaper reports, the animals, which were locked in an iron cage, fought fiercely. The bull, although hampered by lack of space, finally despatched the tiger; not, however, until he was himself wounded so seriously that he will die. Thousands of people paid admission and saw the bloody, brutal spectacle. The Mexican officials made no effort to stop it. A similar fight was held in France last summer, and some of its phases are shown in the photographs printed on this page. The battle was arranged by some Frenchmen of Marseilles, who built a large circular iron cage on a private estate near that city because the police authorities had refused to give permission for a public exhibition.

About a hundred people were admitted and several hundred more looked on from neighboring roofs and treetops. Two Sumatra tigers and one Spanish bull were the principal actors. The tigers, however, according to the report of a French journalist who was a spectator, were not in fighting mood on that day. The first one made a feeble attempt at seizing the bull by the neck, but the latter tossed him away, and thereafter the tiger crouched against the iron bars as far away from his opponent as possible. The bull, too, apparently had enough, for he remained calmly in the center of the cage. Attendants waved red flags, but the bull did not seem to be interested in these. Then they tried to start up the tiger by poking him with sharp sticks, setting off firecrackers under him, and squirting him with seltzer-water siphons. The tiger merely changed his position, displaying a certain ill-humor toward the humans who were tormenting him, but showing no intention of bothering the bull who was not annoying him. It was then decided to let the second tiger in. This one approached the bull, but after having his paw hooked by the bull's horn he went speedily to join the other of his kind. There was great dissatisfaction among the spectators on account of the refusal of the animals to fight, and the management promised another fight for the next day. Scarcely, however, had the bull been returned to the stable, says the French journalist, when the police took it into their heads to take the part of the peaceful animals as against the ferocious onlookers. They broke into the arena, drove out the spectators, and arrested the organizers of the sport, who protested vehemently against this invasion of a private domain. Nevertheless, they were carried off to the police station. The animals, remarks the French journalist, which did not want to fight, did not fight, but they saw men quarreling among themselves, and that at least may have given them some pleasure.



The tigers would be glad to get into their cage



The tiger has had all he wants of the bull's horns



The bull tries to coax the tiger to another round



"Ah, le pauvre petit canichon!"

The Discovery of Paris

FOREWORD.—The writer of this series doesn't know a thing of what he's writing about. His mind is one unseen level of virgin ignorance. Expressly and explicitly he disclaims all moral, ethical, personal, or financial responsibility for any possible inference, innuendo, implication, suggestion, or deduction, whether logical or illogical, which may be derived from what he has set down. Before somebody else has a chance to say it of him, he wishes to say for himself that he is lacking in every qualification to discuss intelligently any topic upon which he may have touched. His whole stock-in-trade as observer, admirer, and critic is an open eye and a joyous interest. He returns to America with the interest unabated and the eye unblackened

Number One of Ingenuous Impressions—Transcribed
from the Cuff of a First-Time
Traveler in Paris

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

THAT able seaman, Christopher Columbus, doubtless opined that he had done something definite and final when he discovered America. "There!" he said in great satisfaction. "I've stuck a thumb-tack in that part of the map, anyway. Nobody'll ever discover that again." And, in a few years, along came Amerigo Vespucci, and not only rediscovered it, but scratched his name on the front door to such fell purpose that it has remained there ever since. The moral of which is this: all that a discoverer may do is to go and see a country for the first time. Anybody can do this. Therefore we are all potential discoverers. I've just discovered Europe.

I've discovered it with curiosity, surprise, disgust, admiration, envy, respect, bewilderment, contempt, and affection. All these qualities the real discoverer must have, particularly in these days when several previous people have discovered most of the places—such as Paris, London, and Rome—before him. The faculties of curiosity and surprise are particularly valuable to the belated pioneer. Without them he might as well stay in the garden and watch the potato insects at work. (I used to say "potato-bug" until I went to England and caused a lady of high degree to swoon away in her own drawing-room by using that innocent allusion.) And he must keep the surprise cells of his brain in good working order, for there will be plenty for them to do. For example: The numbers on the Strand run up one side of the street and down the other, like this: 1. 2. 3. 4; and, opposite, 207. 208. 209. 210. The street urchins in Liège all smoke cigarettes in long, celluloid holders. When these and kindred facts begin to pall on you, when the mouthpiece of the infant Belgian roué and the scandalous consequence of the Strand's system of enumeration cease to startle you, you'd better buy a ticket for

China. Europe is *passé* for you. Never again will you really see it.

While the fairy-gift of wonderment still abides with you, go to Paris. Of course one hears melancholy things about the Paris that is as compared with the Paris that has been. One of the first things I encountered in French print is the following wail, put in the mouth of an ultra-modern type of young boulevardier: "Je sais que le boulevard n'existe plus, que le Café Tortoni est depuis longtemps fermé, et que les gens d'esprit ne se réunissent pas chaque soir dans un restaurant élégant."

There, in all its chaste entirety, is the plaintive platitude of pessimism. "The boulevard is out of business." "The Café Tortoni has had its shutters up, to this deuce-of-a-while." "And no longer do the Real Things get together of an evening down at Barney's." (Note: These and all following translations are estimated, not guaranteed.) Paris isn't what it used to be. Alas, ah me, eheu, and other eruptions of assorted wo-words! No; probably it isn't. Nor Berlin nor Vienna, nor Weehawken, nor Skagway. Farmer Bunker has gone and torn down his old barn, Back Home, and a corrupt and venal Democratic school board has rebuilt the south wing of the Little Red Schoolhouse. The times change and we with them; in all but the pious demand that everything be left exactly as it was when we knew it first. Paris is as unstable as the rest of the world. It's sadly altered for the better.

But there's quite enough of the town left to keep an inquiring mind busy for a few days. And one thing changeless is that empty husk technically known as "Night Life in Paris." Being a new subject, I was fated to see the Gay Wickedness of the French capital. Not the little, sheltered wickednesses, to which those delectable ornaments of society, the professional guides, offer to conduct you for a consideration, but the public, stage-set wickedness that displays itself in certain restaurants and advertises in the papers. Montmartre

L'Abbaye Thélem (just now supposed to be the favorite stamping-ground of his fashionable Satanic Majesty), the Moulin Rouge, the Rat Mort, all very much the same in character, personnel, and routine. A more dreary and arid performance, an exhibit more sterile of any human meaning, picturesqueness, or enjoyment it has seldom been my unhappy lot to witness. To the prospect I brought an untainted avidity of interest; I was honestly eager to be amused, to behold the abandon of Paris when the hammer-strokes of midnight strike the fetters from the limbs of joyous young License.

Galvanized Gaiety

M AIS NON! as we say upon attaining a proud proficiency in the French language. Confronted by these tawdry stage-trappings, with the labored creaking of the machinery loud in her ears, Illusion gives one pained yelp and departs, followed, as it were, by a tin can. For this type of performance is a sort of galvanized puppet show of gaiety. The sprightly lady who, unable to resist the lure of the music, suddenly rises and rushes out upon the floor to whirl in a sort of dervish dance—she's paid to do it. Those two ineffably aged young females in street dress, performing with the skill of long practise the "Machiche," are not blanchisseuses or models from the Quarter, or anything else but just hard-working performers on a small salary. The melancholy beauty in widow's weeds who abruptly bursts into song—and in no bad voice—is stirred thereunto less by the inspiration of music than by the impulse of the weekly pay envelope. Even the demure young person who smiles deprecatingly from across the way, and, upon the encouragement of a lifted eyebrow, comes over to your table to cadge for champagne—she's paid to do it, too. All very lively on the surface; but they are lively, not for the sake of liveliness, but of livelihood.

All over Montmartre in the places, large and small, of carefully conserved notoriety, the same women smile painfully for custom, the same inferior wines are served at the same superior prices, the same cardboard and tinsel presentment of vice goes on with the same creaking and straining of machinery; about as spontaneous as a directors' meeting, about as abandoned as a Congressional debate.

Yet in such places reigns and rollicks the Type Americain. Which, being French, does not mean the typical American. It means the Parisian's notion of a typical American, a widely and sadly different thing. The Type Americain, as seen in Montmartre, is a gentleman with a vintage name, who stands upon a table at four A. M. and aborts the yell of a college that he's never so much as seen. Frenchmen go there, I fancy, principally to observe him. Also, the American resident in Paris, of a certain kind, is prone to these dingy amusements. I have in mind a young acquaintance who esteems himself to be, socially, rather a coming event, and who thus impressed himself upon my tourist awe:

"Maxim's? Why, bless you, my boy; they know me there as well as in my own home! Head waiter calls me by my first name and always knocks ten or twelve francs overcharge off my bill."

That is also the Type Americain, but not the American type. If anything, it's the sub-American type.

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon" than be a Type Americain. In fact, I'm not sure I wouldn't rather be a dog, anyway, in Paris. The Parisian loves, admires, honors, and respects his dog. Or, for that matter, anybody else's dog. And the "caniches" appreciate it and treat their humans very well. I haven't had a cross word from a dog since I've been in this town. No other animal shares the canine privileges or place in public liking. I've seen an auto accident in which a horse was mortally injured, two people badly shaken up, and a pop-eyed bulldog scared half to death, and while the horse was dying and the humans limping about and rubbing themselves, a pitying crowd gathered around the dog, who had sat down upon the curb, and proceeded to examine himself with loud and lamentable cries of alarm.

"Ah, le pauvre petit canichon!" "One thinks that he has broken himself of the rib, is it not?" "Species of soiled lettuce grown in a sewer [this to the terrified chauffeur], how is it that you look not where you proceed! Regard this creature who suffers." "Is it that a doctor provides himself present?"

And when the object of all this concern finally diag-



The "Type Americain"

nosed his own case favorably and trotted off. I thought the assemblage would have burst into cheers.

Again. In charge of a kiosk at the Place de l'Etoile there was an old woman who lived in a shoe. Two shoes, in fact, like most of us. To be accurate, her shoes were long, loose, flapping list slippers. One day a husky mongrel who lived fatly on charity thereabout seized one of the shoes and played bird with it. He dragged it, he tossed it, he worried it. To the beseechings of the old woman he paid no heed. Presently a young man in one of the fifty-seven varieties of pickled uniform that bespangle the populace of the capital joined in the chase. It was a warm day, and the sport was good—from the dog's point of view. After some fifteen minutes of fruitless strategy his mongrelship became blasé and graciously permitted the old woman to catch him by the collar. She held him firmly while encasing her foot with the tattered remnants of his plaything. And then? Did she cave that cur's slats in? Did she chercher a club and make a frankfurter out of him?

Not at all. Turning to her panting partner of the chase and patting the subject of her eulogium on his retreating forehead, she exclaimed:

"Eh, bien! Il est très gai, ce joli chien! Il a beaucoup d'esprit, hein?"

Well, he did have a sufficiency of good spirits, but he wouldn't have preserved them intact in any other city that I know of, under the circumstances.

One more instance. Two plasterers, working (when they happened to feel like it) in the house of a friend of mine here, were happily interrupted by the entrance of the household's mop of a dog. They contemplated him with rapt admiration. Finally one turned to his companion and ejaculated: "Mon Dieu! Qu'il est beau!"

If you will strive to picture two husky American laborers clasping their hands and rhapsodizing over a curly-whiskered Willy-dog: "My God! How beautiful he is!" you will get some idea of the different standards of esteem in which man's faithful friend is held in the two countries. Likewise a hint of one intrinsic difference between the Gallic and Anglo-Saxon character.

Remember the Seine

GETTING about Paris is a sort of joyous progress. There are so many ways of doing it. Not all of them are good. But the worst are so much more comfortable than the barbarities of local travel in America that one comes to remember with mercifully dim horror the Chicago cable cars, the Brooklyn trolleys, and the inferno of the New York Subway. Parisians complain, indeed, of the "Metro"—the tunnel road which is being extended in augmenting loops to cover the city pretty thoroughly. But, from an American point of view, it is clean, comfortable, and fairly competent to meet its requirements. But to see Paris, one should patronize the buses, both horse and motor, and the two-story (double-decker) tram-cars. If one would make a list of the public conveyance routes, and take a trip over each he would cover a good deal of Paris and see some extremely interesting sections to which the tourist seldom penetrates. Such a list would include the narrow, busy, darting boats that shear through Seine water like pickerel, going about their swift concern of passenger traffic.

You haven't seen Paris until you've traveled on the Seine. The Seine is to this city what no other river is to any great municipality. To London the Thames is a convenient dividing line. To New York the North and East Rivers are two compressing boundaries. To Chicago, the Chicago River is a blot on the 'scutcheon. But the Seine is part of Paris; blood of her blood, bone of her bone. You can't imagine the one without the other. Some of the most splendid vistas in this city of beauty carry the prospect across visionary bridges to the farther bank of the stream. Not long ago there stood at the head of an avenue leading into the Champs Elysées a fine public building. Artistic in itself, that building interrupted a view across the river. So they tore it down. Good money thrown away just for a profitless vista. Think of it! And when, oh, sublimely practical Americans, you have sufficiently thought of it to scandalize and scarify your noble business instincts, consider also, for a moment, that this it is which makes Paris great in her loveliness.

But I am becoming stationary when my subject is motion. And when one becomes stationary here and no other way of getting on is apparent, one takes a taxi-auto manned by a mad chauffeur. All French chauffeurs are recruited from the lunatic asylums. None but a lunatic would speed an auto through crowded thoroughfares as this species habitually does. I know of nothing to which to compare their progress except the flight of a June insect (*née* June bug), who has simultaneously recalled a pressing engagement and forgotten the route home. Being lucky, I have thus far been involved in but two accidents, both slight. One was a collision with another taxi which cost me one franc extra in time-charges while the two chauffeurs were making gestures

at the universe. The other was a severe jar consequent upon my particular hired lunatic being obsessed with the illusion that his machine was a squirrel and positively must climb a tree. This time I crawled out and left. The chauffeur is still, I believe, arguing with the tree.

On the whole, it's safer to be inside a taxi than outside it. One conscientious student of these vehicles believes the species to have been, in an early stage of evolution, carnivorous, and to have preserved their instincts of prey. Another maintains with equal force of argument that the chauffeur's inbred method of getting a fare is to run him down first and pick him up afterward.



"The Machiche"

The fact remains that one must practise the art of the jumping frog to survive the passage of the Boulevards. As for the Champs—well, I used to regard G. Washington and Eliza as some punkins in their Perilous Crossing specialties. No more! I outdo them every day. The spectacle may be witnessed without charge in front of the Hotel Astoria at 1 P. M. and 7.30 P. M. daily.

It goes without saying that there is no speed limit. At times one suspects that there are no rules of the road, either. But the crowning infamy of the motor-kind is the lack of verisimilitude, so to speak, in the noises they make. I have leaped half the height of the Arc de Triomphe at the blare of a basso profundo trumpet in my ear, only to view, from some hard-won isle of safety, a female bicyclette deriding my terrors; and, again, I have indolently glanced around at the peep of a broken-winded penny whistle, and saved my life by some galvanic and despairing contraction of the muscles, from a man-eating speed-devil that would leave a comet stranded at the post.

A Quaker Woman on Marriage and Divorce

The Wholesome Simple Relations of Man and Woman as Taught and Carried Out by the Society of Friends in College and Later Life

SO MUCH is being said and written about marriage in these days that I feel it borne in upon my mind to describe to thee life together as it is conceived among Friends.

Thomas and I went to the same schools, as did all Quaker boys and girls, and when we reached young manhood and womanhood we were not suddenly and arbitrarily sent to different places, told that for some mysterious reason boys and girls should be kept apart in all natural associations, but allowed to meet in a superficial way, under stimulating circumstances, with fancy clothes, brilliant lights, and dangerous music. We were sent together to a college where boys and girls had separate dormitories, but ate at the same tables, were together in the same classes, and had the same recreations. Thus we came to know each other thoroughly. In this college we lived in a small world of our own, and we learned to know the characteristics of our schoolmates almost as well as we did those of our own families. We girls talked about the boys, to be sure, but it was not about whom we could capture—it was about our common interests. If we talked about marriage, we discussed how impossible it would be to sit opposite this one three times a day for life, how unbearable that one's mannerisms would become, or how a

third might fail us in an emergency. Many of us, during the four years, found some one whom we thought we could endure for life, and then the authorities, with malice aforethought, put us at the same table for three months. Sometimes that ended it; if it did not, it was not ended in a divorce court. As we discussed and rediscovered the characteristics of our comrades, our preferences were always for those in whom we saw the highest ideals and the greatest possibility for development. Public opinion in such a college soon discovered the weaknesses of rich boys and girls, of only children of self-indulgent parents, and the real meaning of the term good family.

This Friends' college has been in existence about fifty years, has had about nine hundred graduates, and never a divorce where two of its graduates married each other; there have been two divorces where one party was a graduate, and one divorce where two undergraduates of low rank married each other. In this, which Thomas and I attended, we learned, as naturally as we learned our Latin and science, the fundamentals of living together. We knew that man and woman are very different creatures, and can only really meet on the plane of the intelligence; that marriage is a growth, a process, a discipline. We had no idea of an absolute division of labor between the two sexes, or that we should meet in marriage in as superficial a way as married people of the wealthy classes in the cities seem to meet. Marriage was to us a partnership, for better or for worse.

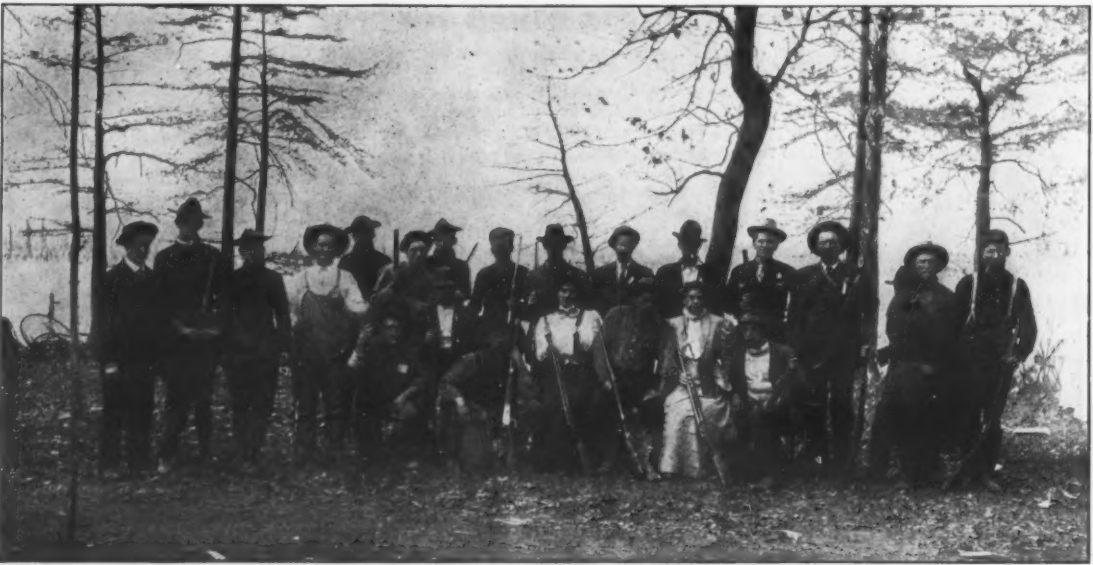
(Continued on page 23)



Fish docks on Reelfoot Lake at Shaw's Park. Reelfoot Lake is a body of water eighteen miles long and from three to three and a half miles wide formed by subsidence of land during the great earthquake of 1811



Ward's Hotel, where Captain Quentin Rankin and Colonel R. Z. Taylor of Trenton were spending the night when taken from their room by masked and armed night riders. Figure on left is P. C. Ward, proprietor of the hotel



The man seated between the two women is Judge Harris, Tiptonville, Tennessee, principal owner of the West Tennessee Land Company, which owns the major portion of Reelfoot Lake



Captain Quentin Rankin, who was hanged by Tennessee night riders, the night of October 19. Captain Rankin was a veteran of the Spanish War. He was a gallant officer and a highly respected citizen



Colonel R. Z. Taylor, called from his home by Tennessee night riders and who escaped by resorting to a ruse while campaigning with Forrest during the Civil War. He is seventy years old

The Murderous Night

Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee the Scene of Desperate Work by a Fugitive from the Lawless

NIGHT RIDING has ceased to be a pastime in certain localities of the United States, and has become a profession. Recently it has passed over from a merely picturesque and adventurous phase to the tragic. The performances of the night riders culminated in the murder of a Tennessee lawyer, Captain Quentin Rankin, on October 19. Captain Rankin and his law partner, Colonel R. Z. Taylor, were kidnaped from their hotel in Walnut Log, on Reelfoot Lake, by masked night riders. The mob hanged Captain Rankin and filled his body with bullets. Colonel Taylor, seventy years old, but agile and resourceful, dived into Reelfoot Lake and swam under the water to a log and later escaped through the forest.

Captain Rankin and Colonel Taylor, acting for a syndicate, had been buying up the land bordering Reelfoot Lake.

Since 1811 local fishermen supply of fish central fishing in Kentucky as groups in fight. Male promptly an companies o tial law wa confessions Some hundr fessions alr been so num soldiers and The arrested Night riding



View of Samburg, Tennessee, near Camp Nemo, and of distur are supposed to be fishermen who are dissatisfied with the fishing c



R. Z. Taylor, called from his bed by night riders and who resorted to a ruse learned campaigning with Forrest during War. He is seventy years old



Governor Malcolm R. Patterson, who has abandoned his canvass for reelection as Governor and is heading the State militia in Tennessee in the effort to stamp out night riding. He has sworn to end it

rous Night Riders

One of Desperate Work—One Lawyer Killed, Another from the Lawless Bands

Since 1811 the lake has given pleasure and a livelihood to local fishermen and their families because of its abounding supply of fish. The neighborhood people, losing these ancestral fishing rights, organized, much as the night riders in Kentucky had done in fighting the Tobacco Trust, and as groups in Georgia and Missouri had done in a cotton-gin fight. Malcolm R. Patterson, Governor of Tennessee, acted promptly and firmly, rushing into the troubled district five companies of State militia and three sheriff's posses. Martial law was declared, suspects were arrested, and several confessions obtained from members of the raiding bands. Some hundreds of persons have been implicated by the confessions already turned in. The prisoners in camp have been so numerous as to sleep twenty-five in one tent. The soldiers and the prisoners get along famously together. The arrested persons have no resentment toward the troops. Night riding will be stamped out by the State.



Nemo, and rider of disturbance by night riders. The night riders satisfied with the fishing charges assessed upon them by outsiders



General view of place of tragedy. Note friction-mark of rope in fork of tree upon which Captain Rankin was hanged. Colonel Taylor escaped by springing into the bayou and lying behind a half-submerged log



Camp Nemo, Reelfoot Lake. Colonel W. C. Tatom, of Nashville, Commander First Tennessee Regiment, with staff and line officers. The troops and the prisoners get on together famously, with no ill-feeling



View of Camp Nemo, Reelfoot Lake, in West Tennessee. Five companies of State militia and three sheriff's posses are now rounding up suspects in this section, because of recent murders and outrages



"Write the whole business, Kent. It's a corking good story"

An Exclusive Story

The Reporter and the Woman Who Was "Little and White and Scared-Looking"

To this story was awarded the \$1,000 prize in the Quarterly Contest ending June 1, 1908.

By E. J. RATH

KENT walked listlessly into the city room, sauntered over to his desk at the farther end, tossed his hat upon it, lighted a cigarette, glanced at the clock, and sat down. Some of the staff were already turning out stuff, the early and easy assignments. Kent knew that he had plenty of time. He never hastened, anyhow, and because of that usually found himself writing under the impatient prod of the city editor. No one ever devised a way of hurrying Kent; the last story in was more apt to be his than any one else's.

He unfolded a couple of "evening" editions, and was giving them a cursory and indifferent examination when he heard the sharp call:

"Kent!"

Indolently he unfolded himself out of the swivel chair and strolled across to the city desk. Haskins was sitting there, snapping his fingers in a nervous way and glaring at him through his glasses. Haskins was impatient and jumpy and forever keyed at high tension. There were times when he wanted to shriek at Kent.

"Well?" he snapped, his voice querulous.

"I got it," said Kent, lounging into an empty chair.

Haskins breathed a gentle and involuntary sigh of satisfaction.

"Any trouble?" he asked.

"No; it was easy enough."

"Good story?"

Kent nodded.

"About the way I gave it to you?"

"Yes, just about."

"Who'd you see?" asked Haskins.

"I saw him first."

"Did he admit it?"

"Oh, yes; he didn't make any trouble about that."

"Give a reason?"

"No; just admitted it. He said he'd leave the reason to her, if she wanted to give any."

"And you saw her, I suppose?"

Kent nodded again, and his glance wandered out of the window.

"Did she say anything?" Haskins's examination was devoted to a swift probing for essentials.

"Yes," said Kent, slowly. "She talked a lot."

"What was her reason?"

"She didn't give much of any reason. She just talked—a lot."

"Well, you can use what she said, anyhow," declared Haskins, briskly. "That kind of stuff is always good. Anybody else after the story?"

"No; I guess we're the only people who know about it."

There was preoccupation in Kent's manner, but to Haskins it had no significance; he was used to it. He looked at the desk clock, then ran over the schedule swiftly.

"All right; go ahead," he said. "I'll take all you can write."

Kent arose, hesitated a few seconds, and then said:

"She asked not to have it printed."

"I suppose so," observed Haskins, without looking up from the desk.

"I told her I'd ask you."

"Oh, sure," Haskins made a little gesture.

"I don't suppose it makes any difference?" added Kent, lingering.

"No, of course not. We're still getting out a newspaper."

"That's what I told her," said Kent, nodding, and he started back toward his desk. Haskins called after him:

"Did you get any pictures?"

Kent shook his head, and Haskins pursed his lips in momentary annoyance.

"Well, go ahead with your stuff, anyhow. I'll see what can be done," he said.

Kent took off his coat, draped it over the back of his chair, unlocked his desk and swung a typewriter into view. He sat there thinking for several minutes, watching jets of cigarette smoke sift through the typebars of the machine. Then he reached for a sheet of paper, slipped it in and began to write with deliberation.

Kent worked with the outward air of a "plugger," yet he was not that. He merely had a set speed, which he seemed unable to increase, but which seldom faltered. His fingers pushed down the keys with a slow

regularity that turned out copy with disproportionate rapidity.

For nearly half an hour he fed the machine with words and sentences and paragraphs, as though he himself were but an automatic attachment. Then he picked up three sheets of copy and carried them over to Haskins's desk.

"All here?" asked Haskins, with a glance at the clock. He fairly lived with that clock. It was his oracle, his guide and his friend.

"I think everything's covered," said Kent.

"Well, stay around till I read it, anyhow. I may want to ask you something about it."

Kent went over to McCann's desk and opened a perfunctory conversation about that gentleman's pool-room crusade. But his mind was on Haskins. If Haskins was reading the story himself, it was a sign that he regarded it as "big."

"God help the man who invented crusades," McCann was saying, sourly. "You're lucky not to get 'em, Kent. This one is giving me paranoia, and I understand it's going to run for a couple of weeks more, anyhow. I wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't all worked out, but it is. For the last week I've been holding out a starter for the next day, but now there isn't anything left to hold out."

"I know," said Kent, absently.

"I think I'll ask Haskins to give it to you," added McCann.

"All right; I don't mind," answered Kent, indifferently.

McCann laughed. "You're a pleasant liar," he observed. "You wouldn't stay on a crusade three days, if they doubled your guarantee."

"Oh, I don't know."

McCann laughed again, jeeringly, but Kent was giving his attention to Haskins, who was hitching about in his chair uneasily, frowning. To Kent, that signified. He watched Haskins finish the last sheet, toss the thing away from him and remove his glasses to wipe them.

"Kent!"

His name was called explosively, and with a sigh he went to answer.

"Sounded pleasant, that," commented McCann. "Guess I'll hang onto my crusade."

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Haskins motioned to the vacant chair and picked up the typewritten sheets.

"Are these notes, or is this the story?" he inquired, with elaborated sarcasm. Kent recognized that as one of Haskins's favorite and choicest bits.

"The story," he answered evenly.

"Well, it's a hell of a story. Is that all you can write?" Kent shrugged his shoulders.

"See here, Kent," said Haskins, tapping the manuscript. "This is about the worst you ever did. It's rotten. It's as wooden and perfunctory as the auction sales. You know as well as I do that it's not what we want at all. The story itself is too big and too good to put up in this shape."

"That's right," assented Kent.

"Then what's the use of writing it this way?" Haskins shrilled.

"Well, the facts are all there."

"Certainly they are; I understand that," and Haskins waved his hand impatiently. "So does a summons and complaint contain facts. But it wouldn't be a story. What I want is the human side, the color, and all that business. You know perfectly. If there's any pathos in it, I want it; if it's funny, make it funny. I don't care which way it goes, so long as it's got life and blood in it. Rewrite it. You've got two hours yet. Do you need this?"

He pushed the manuscript toward Kent.

"No, you can chuck that away," said Kent, rising.

Haskins tore the sheets across vindictively and dropped them into the basket. When he glanced up Kent was still there.

"What's the trouble, Kent? Don't you want to write it?"

"Can't say I do," answered Kent, slowly. "You know, she asked—"

"Of course; they all ask," broke in Haskins, shaking his head jerkily. "I know all about that. But we can't keep it out any more than we can keep out any other news. We're here to print things. So long as we've got to carry the story, the only way to handle it is to do our very best with it."

"I guess so," said Kent, nodding.

"Of course. Now go ahead with it, Kent. You've got a rattling good story there, and I know you can write it. Go as far as you like on space. And don't forget to play up the family connections—both sides. That's where it's particularly strong."

Kent made a brief sign of understanding and went back to his desk. Of course, Haskins was right. That was beyond dispute. The story was a good one and it ought to be written just as Haskins said. Besides, it was Haskins's own private tip that discovered it. Haskins was particular about stories that he dug out himself. He rarely said where he got them, but Kent, who wrote most of them, seldom found that a Haskins tip was unfruitful. This one had borne the test of investigation in every detail. He did not blame the city editor for being particular about it; even fussy, if he chose to be.

And yet Kent did not want to write it. That was odd, because he had enthusiasms, as well as Haskins. He liked to write features, not because he was vain of them, but because features meant good workmanship, and he liked good workmanship. Clearly, there was no excuse for poor work here; the material was superior. Professionally, his own opinions had nothing to do with it. All he had to do was to tell the story, as Haskins said it should be told; to make it human, readable, and "safe." The rest was up to Haskins. But somehow he found it singularly hard to keep the professional view in the foreground.

After a time he began to write, very slowly and carefully. He covered half a sheet, lifted the carriage and was reading it when Haskins came over and threw one leg across the edge of the desk.

"She just had me on the 'phone," he said.

"Yes?" Kent tipped back his chair.

"I told her we couldn't do anything; that if we didn't carry it some other paper would get hold of it. I guess I headed her off from coming to the office."

"She won't come," said Kent.

"What sort of a person is she?" asked Haskins, glancing down at the half-finished sheet in the typewriter.

"Well, she isn't young," said Kent, slowly. "She's kind of little, and white, and scared-looking. She's—why, she's pitiful, in a way."

"Pretty?"

"No; homely."

"But she talked all right," suggested Haskins.

"Oh, yes; she did that."

"Quote her in the first person all the time. Did she say anything about him?"

Kent nodded affirmatively and Haskins imitated his motion, in a pleased sort of way.

"Write the whole business, Kent," he said. "It's a corking good story. Give it an atmosphere. Put in that stuff you just told me, about her being white and scared. Give her the best end of it, if that's the way it is. We can't keep it out, but we'll give her a good show. You don't need to say she's homely." Haskins was making a concession. He could afford to be magnanimous, now that the story was his.

"All right," answered Kent. "I understand."

He lifted the carriage to pick up an unfinished sentence, then carried it through to a period and reread it thoughtfully. He would be very careful to leave out nothing. The news was told now, in half a sheet. But the story was to come. He began to write steadily again, his eyes upon the keys, although he did not seem to see them.

What Kent saw was a plain, wide, four-story brick house in an old-fashioned street, left undisturbed in an eddy of the current that rushed headlong uptown, a place where the things of fifty years ago seemed to be still going round and round slowly, unable to escape into the swift stream that flowed restlessly by. He remembered studying the house for a moment before he ascended the low stoop to ring the bell. There was a great iron knocker on the deeply carved door. A push button was an incongruous concession to convenience, but the knocker was there of hereditary right. There

were vines on either side of the columned vestibule, climbing upward to the eaves. Some of the broad windows, with their small panes, were framed in the greenery. The house looked wholesome and placid.

It was just as he expected to find it, inside. A maid let him into the dimly-lighted, high-ceilinged hall. There was a massive hat-rack, with marble top and mirror; a little table, with its tray for cards; carpets, soft and thick and sombre; a staircase that began at a robust newel post and seemed to vanish somewhere-up in the dimness; dark, walnut woodwork, and everywhere an almost tangible formality and dignity. The parlor was long and gloomy in the half-light, and as the maid drew up the shades and parted the curtains Kent saw that here, too, the house was true to itself. Cushioned furniture, carved almost fantastically; white-topped tables; gilt-framed mirrors over the mantels; a great, square piano; a few bits of ornament; some age-stained paintings—it was all an ancient harmony. Through an archway at the further end, where the folding doors had been rolled back, he could see a library, with shelves built high against the walls. There was a primness about the place that isolated it strangely from the whirling town only a block away. He had stepped upon a stage set with the scenery of half a century back. Nothing could have happened here since then.

A queer place for "news," he thought, his eyes roving. The maid had taken his card upstairs.

"Give it atmosphere," Haskins had said. Kent wrote steadily.

And then she had come, noiselessly, and stood hesitant in the curtained doorway that opened into the hall. Again he realized that the harmony of the house was still unbroken. She was holding his card, regarding him with inquiry, and, it seemed to Kent, apprehension. There was a timid embarrassment in her pose, and Kent

had a vague sensation that he was absorbing something of it. She was surely more than forty. If she was not absolutely old-fashioned, she was distinctly not modern. It was not her gown, nor the way she wore her hair, nor anything physical, perhaps, that impressed this, yet it was as certain as it was indefinable. She was small in stature, and thin. Not one of her features was good; if her face had ever possessed a color it had faded years ago. But for all that it was a likable face. What attracted Kent most were the pale gray eyes, large, and round, and questioning. They spoke for her. Her hands were rather remarkable, thin and white and well shaped, yet prominently veined; nervous hands, that expressed things without gesture or motion. How suited she was to the place!

She stood as if shrinking under his scrutiny, twisting and folding his card. Then, with a little inclination of courtesy:

"You are Mr. Kent, I believe? Please keep your chair. I will sit over here."

She perched opposite, erect and precise, on a great armchair. She seemed like an old child. There was some mistake, Kent felt, for the thing seemed impossible now; the story had taken him astray. Save for the pale eyes, and the thin hands that now and then went involuntarily to her hair, or played with the lace handkerchief in her lap, she was featureless.

Kent was writing with minuteness, as he remembered it.

He had found it curiously hard to begin with this colorless creature, for what he wanted to say was absurdly incongruous. He explained it very plainly and briefly, and her eyes followed mechanically the movements of his lips. Then she nodded at him.

"Yes; that is true," she said. Her voice was low, monotonous, and flat. There was a queer docility in it.



"No, no, no! You can not!"

"And the engagement had been announced?" Kent found that the words stumbled; her lack of resistance disconcerted him.

"Yes; to my friends—and some of his. I have only a few friends," she added. Her tone implied that he must know, of course.

"And he broke it?"

"Yes." It was a child saying a lesson.

Kent's mind flashed back to the man and the queer-ness of the thing puzzled him. It was almost laughable, yet he winced. But he had a glimmer of understanding, too; that is, as to the ending of it. For the man was almost everything that she was not. He had gone on with the stream; she had never emerged from the eddy. The old house had made her its creature, as well as its mistress.

She had acknowledged it with a frankness that Kent could not understand, and now she seemed to be waiting for him to go on, her eyes fixed wonderingly on his, like those of a dog waiting for command. It was hard to ask things; it was so easy to make her answer.

"Perhaps," he suggested, gently, "you would prefer to tell it in your own way."

"Why, yes; perhaps," she answered, in a tone of vague surprise and perplexity. "Would that be better? I really don't know. Perhaps it would. It seems an odd thing to be talking about, does it not? Would you really care to hear it? There is not very much to tell, you know. I don't suppose it is very interesting. But perhaps it would do me good to talk about it—to somebody. It is so oppressive not to be able to tell things. Don't you ever find it so? I haven't anybody to talk to here, of course," and she made a little gesture that embodied the loneliness of the house. "There are just the servants. They have been here for a long time, of course, and they are very kind, but you can not talk about things—like this—to a servant. Can you? Yet there have been times when it seemed as if I must tell it to somebody. But really, I don't know. I am a little confused, I think."

She paused, twisting the lace handkerchief about her fingers.

"Yes; I—I think you are right. I think it would do me good to talk about it, if you would care to listen."

Kent was staring at her in astonishment. A protest leaped to his lips, but he forced it back. The "story" was to come yet. He merely nodded.

"In the first person," said Haskins. Kent gritted his teeth and the typewriter clicked steadily.

"There isn't very much to tell," she was saying. "I live here so quietly. I am a little old-fashioned, I think. Perhaps you would say I was an old maid. Oh, I would not mind if you did; it is quite true. I was born in this house, you know. My father built it; we always lived here. I have been alone a long while now, but I always stayed here. I could not leave it. You know who my father was, don't you? He was very prominent; our family is one of the oldest here. Yes, my father was one of the leading men in the city. He had a great many friends, but of course I could not keep that up, just alone. The house does seem big, just for one per-

son, but you can understand how I cannot leave it. Why, I would not know where to go. I think we all ought to be loyal to our homes, when we can be. Don't you?"

"I remember that sometimes I used to think about getting married. I suppose all girls do that, although it seems strange to me now. But that time went by and I did not think about it any more. Of course, I am not young now."

An eagerness to talk seemed to have come upon her, yet her voice ran on in the same monotonous key. To Kent there was something uncanny in the dispassionate way in which she dissected her life. He nodded as she paused, and she went on more rapidly:

"Tell me if it becomes tiresome to you, but I feel better for talking, somehow. If you don't mind I will go on. I did not know him until a year ago, although my father had known his family. His people, you know, are of the very best. Yes; the family is as old as ours. They were prominent, too. It is strange, perhaps, that we never met until a year ago, but things seem to happen that way. He was kind and pleasant and thoughtful, from the first. He was interested in things that I liked. He used to talk often about my father. That helped to make us friends, of course. Then he came to call at the house, and sometimes we went driving. I keep horses, you know."

"I suppose it all seems a little silly; we were both so old. Perhaps you could not call it really a courtship. We were both past that time. But he seemed to care for me, and I—I got so that I cared for him. I guess such things happen, don't you?"

"We were to have been married—let me see—a month from yesterday, I think. Yes, that is the exact date. He was coming to live here in the old house, because I could not leave that. He did not ask me to. It was understood that my home was to be his. I think that was considerate, don't you?"

There was a break in her droning speech, as if she was waiting for Kent to answer. Then she went on, evenly:

"After a while he stopped coming. It took me some time to understand that. I did not really understand until he wrote. But I know now, of course. At least, I think I do. We were too old, you see. I had never realized that. But I feel sure that he was right about it. It would have been a great mistake; he said so. He is even older than I, you know. I am sure that he was very wise to break it. Of course, a man being old does not make so much difference. But it would have been a mistake for me. He saved me from that. You see, when a woman is no longer young she ought to be in some way attractive. I am not. If I were good looking, why then it might have been all right. But really I am very plain. I do not try to be different from other women, but I am. Perhaps it is because of the old house, and always living in it. I am not sensitive about it. When I think of it now, it seems quite absurd that I should have thought of being married. It was not that way with him. He knew people; he could go anywhere."

"And there would have been the money, too. He has not very much money, you know. Our families were both well-to-do once, but his lost a great deal. I used

to feel sorry for him about that. He had position, and such a prominent name, and he could go anywhere, but he had not much money. I am more fortunate than he, yet people misunderstand about that, too. They think I am rich, and that seems so queer, because really I am not. I have the house, of course; I keep two horses. The income is just comfortable; that is, for me. Oh, I am far from being rich, and yet people keep saying that I am. Even he thought so."

"Did I tell him about it—the money?" She looked up at Kent's question, surprise in her eyes. "Why, of course—yes. That was very natural, was it not? I don't know exactly how it came up; he was talking about money, I think. I explained it to him one evening, very carefully. It was so easy to talk to him about things that would seem embarrassing; he was always so interested and kind. I remember the conversation quite well, because it was one of the last that we had."

"It was a little while after that that he wrote to me. I have not seen him since then. I would not expect to, of course, after the letter."

Kent was finding it hard to believe that this tiny, shrunken creature was talking of herself.

"I do not blame him at all," she went on. "He explained it so clearly in the letter; that we were both too old. He was much wiser than I. Would you like to see the letter?"

Kent made an involuntary motion, but before he could speak she was gone. She was back in a few seconds; every motion of her was quick and nervous. She put a wrinkled sheet of paper into his hands and then perched again on the edge of the big chair. He looked up in dull wonderment.

"Am I to read it?" he asked.

"Why, yes." She nodded childishly.

Kent studied the paper for an instant before he began to read. It had been creased and twisted and flattened out. The very aspect of it told her story far better than she had done. And she had said that it was a kind letter! It was inconceivable that she did not understand. Kent read it with self-loathing. Yet she had urged him to read it; he was taking nothing that she did not freely give. When he had finished he looked up and found her watching him.

Kent leaned back in his chair, his eyes half closed. He was wondering if Haskins really wanted everything. Haskins had said so, but— Well, he had his orders. He wrote again, steadily.

He did not remember how he managed to say it; it slipped from his lips instinctively. He asked if he might copy it.

Her hand went to her throat with a sudden, convulsive movement, her eyes widened and her brow wrinkled questioningly.

"Copy it?" she whispered. "I don't think I understand. Why should you copy it?"

Kent shrugged his shoulders.

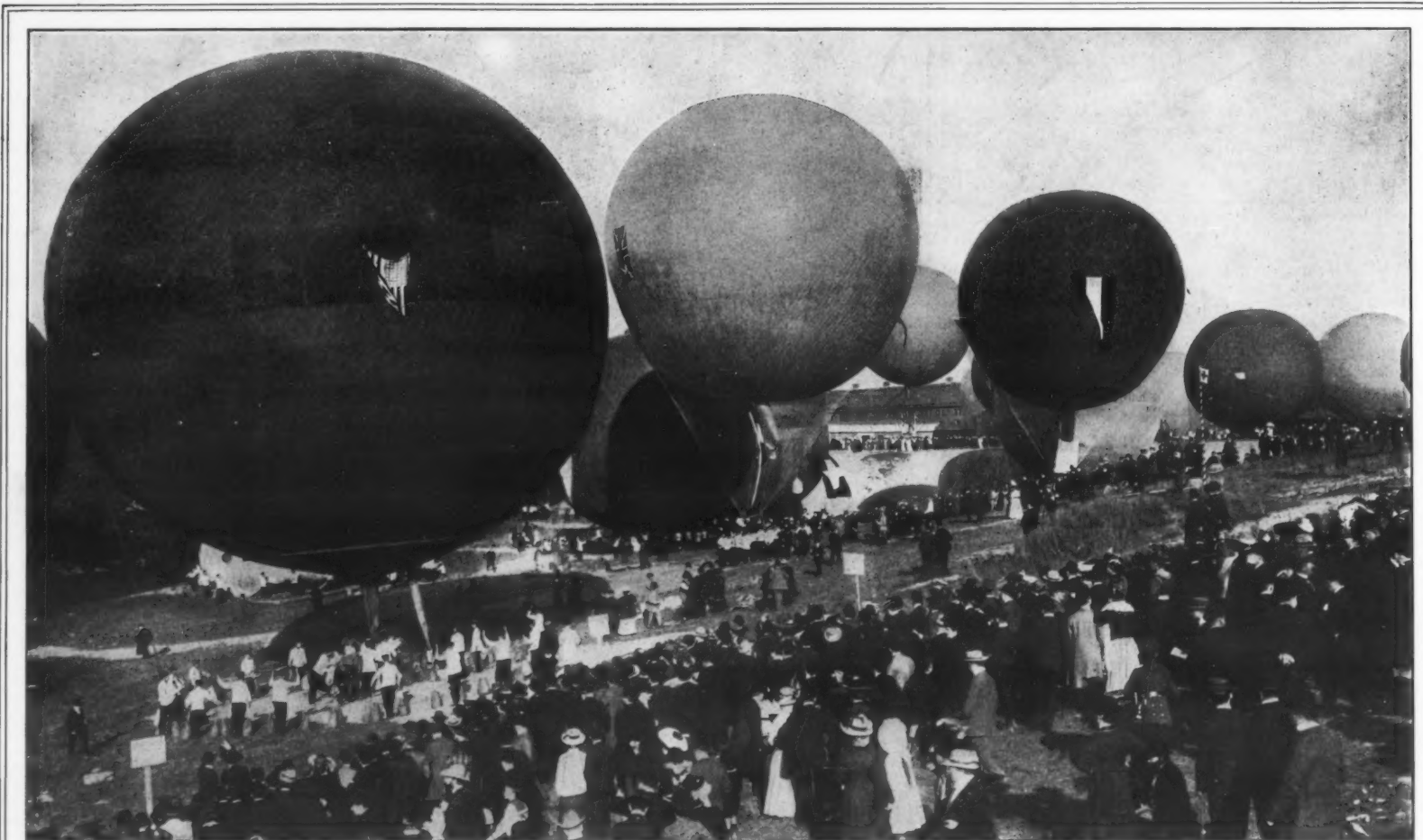
"I don't know what you mean," she went on puzzled.

"Why should you copy it?"

"To use it," Kent muttered. "In the paper."

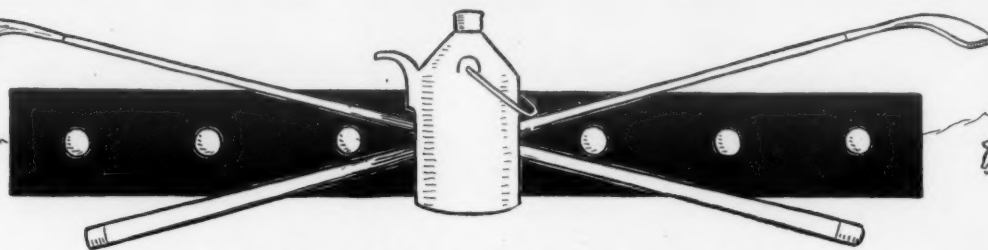
She startled him then, for she slipped from the edge

(Continued on page 23)



The start of the international distance race for balloons at Berlin on October 11. The American balloon is at the left of the picture, and next to it is the British balloon, "Banshee," which was victorious, landing 261 miles from the starting point on October 14

Rockefeller, the Meek



The Man Who Wants to be Liked—A Study of the New Mood That Has Come Over the Much-Attacked Oil King

By E. LLOYD SHELDON

JOHAN D. ROCKEFELLER, the much-maligned, is riding into favor. Many, witnessing how easily he took the wave of reaction, believe that it swelled spontaneously from the undercurrent of defamation stirred up by the muck-rakers. Very few, apparently, suspect that the magnate himself, grown weary of paying the price exacted by a bitter public for his career of selfish aggrandizement, may have started the wave himself. And yet it is common knowledge that Mr. Rockefeller, the astute and tremendous-willed, is master of every situation into which he has been thrust.

Nor is it odd that this lack of suspicion prevails. Less than three years ago newspapers described him as a dyspeptic misanthrope, shut up on his Lakewood estate and guarded by a gang of rough men who bushwhacked the outskirts with the aid of two high-power searchlights. To-day these same papers relate that he can eat a quick lunch at a Southern railway station and come out with a smile for every one. Their stories of him feature his cordiality, his benevolence, and his sage platitudes; while formerly they told only of his relentless toward honest competitors, his cunning and corrupt evasions of the law, and his money-madness.

The discrepancies are obvious, and, as there is no hint of an almost incredible change in the man himself, the conclusion is that all the previous characterizations arose from rancor and misinformation.

Yet a change there has been. Indeed, Mr. Rockefeller confesses it.

One morning last fall, when I had occasion to visit him on his Pocantico Hills estate, I called his attention to a particularly vituperative article written by a woman. It was just after his daily game of golf, and he was ambling slowly along the winding road from the links to his house, an old-fashioned structure which half hides its wide, glass-covered verandas behind abundant shrubbery. He was tired, and then, if ever, he would have been irritated by a fresh attack from her.

At first he made no comment.

Finally he said slowly, breaking each sentence from the other by a thoughtful pause: "No—I no longer bear malice toward her for her unkind remarks. The good Lord has forgiven me for certain things that I have done. And now—well—I'm going to hold the same spirit toward those who have not done right by me. Yes, I forgive her."

Incredulous of the mere remark, I searched his face. The drawn, washed-out cheeks were relaxed; the thin, compressed lips as meek as I had ever seen them; and the small steel-colored eyes under the winced, hairless lids intent on the ground. He was, indeed, Mr. Rockefeller, the penitent.

From that moment I watched to see whether he would not slip from his humble position. But Mr. Rockefeller is nothing if not consistent. Never once, no matter how vitriolic or unwarranted it might be, did an attack upon himself elicit an ungentle retort. Whether a newspaper aired old grievances against him, or the Federal authorities made a determined onslaught on his companies, or ingenious Jake Melin contrived another annoyance to make him buy his saloon down the road a way, he would only sigh and add very quietly: "I forgive them," or "I bear no malice toward them." If a soft answer turneth away wrath, then Mr. Rockefeller should ever rest in peace.

Once he was particularly distressed—he is never irritated now—because his name had been linked with a Wall Street clique accused of making money out of the panic.

"Why do they always print these falsities about me?" he exclaimed in a voice that had a bit of a quaver to it. "I don't like to have people think ill of me. Once I did not care. But now—oh, well—maybe it's a failing of old age to want to be liked."

Mr. Rockefeller is his own press-agent. Once, when I asked him for an interview, he went into the house and brought out a long clipping from the editorial page of a Southern newspaper.

"Here is the kind of an article you should write," he said. "Newspaper men in the South know how to be gentlemen. They prefer to say pleasant things and

aren't always finding fault. Read it over and use whatever you want of it."

It would be difficult to find an article more eulogistic of any man than this was of Mr. Rockefeller. It told how his simplicity had crept into the heart of every one who met him, and explained how grossly he had been misrepresented. It pictured him as a very lovable character, who asked, in effect: "Why should I be considered different from any other person? Do I want any more than an opportunity to live simply, to eat three plain meals a day, to live in a comfortable house, and enjoy my friends and family? To be sure, in my efforts to make my way in life, I have gained more of worldly wealth than some others; yet may I not use that which I do not need to help humanity?"

Though he is perfectly willing to have the papers flooded with articles on his gentility of character, it is utterly impossible to get him to express an opinion for publication. He is more reluctant to give an interview than any other public man in this country, with the exception, perhaps, of J. Pierpont Morgan. So difficult is it, in fact, to draw out his ideas thoroughly on certain political and financial subjects that a bonus of \$500 awaits, in the offices of the great newspapers of the metropolis, the reporter who can do it.

Mr. Rockefeller is, of course, taciturn. But it is not his inherent secretiveness which makes him so reticent now; he realizes this disinclination to talk is an asset, and shrewdly uses it to bring the papers into line.

My experience has been that of half a dozen other newspaper men. The first time I asked him for an interview, he exclaimed: "Oh, I am a perfect chatterbox already," and then said, referring to the paper I then represented, "It has disappointed me several times lately. You know that there were articles in it that were very unkind to me."

The next time I asked him for a talk he said: "I can't. My family does not like to see me in the papers."

It was on this occasion that he handed me the little gem from the South.

The third time he said: "No, not to-day—there are other reporters on papers which have been very kind to me who would feel it if I gave you an interview now."

This was followed, after a brief interval, by: "Oh, I noticed a little paragraph in your paper several days ago which was not fair to me. I hardly believed my eyes when I read it."

It is noteworthy that during the past year one paper only secured a real interview. This was procured by "arrangement." For some time this paper had been notorious in journalistic circles for keeping in line.

You are never offended, however, when Mr. Rockefeller turns you down, so suave is his manner, and so clearly does he infer that some day he will be able to do better by you. Meantime your paper, if it is eager to pull off a "beat," will toe the mark.

Christianity as an Asset

IN THE art of pleasing, the financier is as adept as a politician. The first time that I met him he noticed that I used my handkerchief occasionally.

"I see that you have a catarrhal cold," he remarked solicitously. "Sniff a little camphor to-night when you go home. That's an old-fashioned remedy, but it is a good one."

Now I could never discover that he had any particular interest either in me or colds or camphor, but the next time I saw him, more than a month afterward, he inquired: "Has your catarrhal cold improved?"

This trivial incident illustrates how he uses his marvelous memory in showing attentions, not only to acquaintances, but to strangers. I have seen him spend ten minutes asking a casual friend about his relatives, seeking the most exact information about each one. This extreme interest, this showering of felicitations, though costing valuable time, has been profitable. His circle of "active" friends has grown remarkably during the past few years.

Fully as characteristic as his bid for popularity, and, perhaps, a part of it, is his ostentatious Christianity. You can not be with Mr. Rockefeller a quarter of an hour without knowing from his own lips not only that he is a follower of Christ, but also that he is an eminently devout one.

The impression of this peculiar sort of piety which I received one October morning, several days after the panic had started—the first time I met this remarkable man—was unforgettable. I was sent to learn his view of the situation, and, aware that it would be useless for a reporter to attempt to see him at his house, I waited on the golf course until he should play his morning game.

Four Caddies, Two Clergymen, and Mr. Rockefeller

PRECEDED by four caddies, he came up the road. By his side walked two lanky clergymen, the brisk wind pulling their loosely fitting clothes tightly about their thin limbs. One of these was Father Lannon, priest of the little Catholic church in Pocantico Hills, and the other a Protestant minister from Tarrytown, whose name I do not remember. In the fourteen times that I have visited his golf course I have never seen him playing without a clergyman for a companion. Several times two accompanied him; and once three. Whether the presence of the church accounts for his ultra-religious mood while playing golf, or his ultra-religious mood accounts for the presence of the church, is a question that I could never solve; at all events, the mood is very pronounced.

Almost the first words after he had greeted me were: "Are you a college man?"

Upon my affirmative reply, he asked: "What college?"

"Harvard," I replied.

"Isn't that an un-God-ly place?"

Then, as if perfectly assured that it was, he waited for no response, and remarked to the clergymen: "There is too little of Christ's teachings in that institution, too much of freethinking philosophy. I much prefer the smaller religious colleges in the West—Oberlin, for instance. There religion and study are mingled so as to produce God-fearing men and women."

"Don't you think so?" he asked.

"Most emphatically, Mr. Rockefeller," both clergymen agreed.

Our talk turned to social settlements.

"Those in New York City make a grievous error in not bringing Christ into their work more," he asserted. "Do you not think so, Doctor?"

The Protestant minister was starting after his ball, which he had just driven, but he stopped to say: "A grievous error, Mr. Rockefeller, a grievous error, indeed."

The host, pleased with the reply, smiled and nodded his head.

"They should be outposts of Christianity," he continued. "In fact, we ought never to do anything without bringing Christ into our work."

So he went from tee to tee, constantly regaling us with religious platitudes—always eager to refer them to his clerical companions, and always pleased with the devout echoes.

This same morning I was amazed to see a young man dashing down the golf course toward us. Mr. Rockefeller was still discoursing on the influence of Christ on the settlements, but, immediately on seeing the runner, stopped abruptly. The young fellow was an under-secretary, and only on matters of extreme exigency was he allowed to interrupt the game. Quickly Mr. Rockefeller drew him aside, and they talked earnestly together for nearly five minutes, in voices so low that none of us could hear.

When the secretary started away, Mr. Rockefeller called after him in a harsh voice:

"Remember! Tell them that I did not take an option on the \$5,000,000 to last the life of the country."

As he said this the lines of his face became tensely drawn, his eyes winced shrewdly, and his thin lips were so compressed that there seemed no heart in the man.

His orders, I learned later, referred to a loan to assist in easing the panic, which he had been contemplating, yet which he suddenly decided not to make.

"That's all," said Mr. Rockefeller briefly, dismissing the secretary with a wave of his hand. In a flash his face was relaxed and his voice was as soft as ever.

"What was that we were talking about?" he asked, turning toward us.

"Oh, yes, the influence of Christ on the settlements!" he exclaimed with a smile when some one had refreshed his memory.

(Continued on page 32)

The Unvarnished Truth About Benzoate of Soda in Foods

Some Vital Facts on a Phase of the Prepared Food Question Which is Just Now Attracting World-Wide Attention

IN the laboratories of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, twelve men were subjected to a 39 days' test to determine the true extent of the harm exercised by Benzoate of Soda in foods.

Reporting the results, Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the chemistry bureau, says:

"Benzoate of Soda is highly objectionable and produces a very serious disturbance of the metabolic functions, attended with injury to digestion and health.

"These injurious effects are evident in the medical and clinical data, which show grave disturbances of digestion, attended by phenomena which are clearly indicative of irritation, nausea, headache, and in a few cases vomiting.

"... was attended with a distinct loss of weight, indicative of either a disturbance of assimilation or an increased activity in those processes of the body which result in destruction of tissue.

"... there appears to be no reason for supposing that the administration of the preservative in the form of benzoate of soda can be justified by any argument relating to the less injurious effect thereof upon health."

Moreover, authorities claim that the constant introduction of Benzoate of Soda into the system is responsible for the alarming increase in kidney trouble, and that the term of American life would be lengthened were this drug excluded from foods.

A NATION now asks: "What is Benzoate of Soda; why is it used?"

Benzoate of Soda is in no sense a food—has no connection whatever with food products. It is an unwholesome product of coal tar—a poison.

It is used in foods usually for two purposes: either to preserve a product made of materials so low in character that it will not keep otherwise, or to prevent spoilage of a product not properly prepared.

That such conditions can now prevail may be questioned by the multitudes who believe that the government, through the Pure Food and Drug Act of June 30, 1906, fixes the standards of materials and methods to be used by manufacturers, and that the mention of this act on a label means a government guarantee of food purity.

THIS is, however, contrary to fact. While the authorities have not yet actually prosecuted manufacturers who place Benzoate of Soda in their product, they do protect the public by requiring that the presence of this or any drug shall be stated on a label. For purposes of deception these labels are often small and obscure. The one safeguard of the consumer against the danger of Benzoate of Soda lies in reading carefully all food labels and avoiding products said to contain this chemical, notice of the presence of which usually appears at the bottom of the label.

With this knowledge of the significance of the oft-used clause, "Contains one-tenth of one per cent Benzoate of Soda," on food labels, who can pass it

by without questioning, "Why did the manufacturer use this drug? Were the materials wholesome, the methods sanitary? Is the food really *eatable*?"

AT the Home of the 57 it is daily proved that fresh, wholesome materials, clean and proper methods, and sanitary surroundings make chemical preservatives unnecessary.

Follow, for example, the course of a tomato from the vine until it reaches a bottle of Heinz Ketchup. First, grown from selected "pedigreed" seed in soil and climate known to produce the best; taken red ripe from the vines and prepared fresh and whole; then cooked with exacting care, with spices specially ground in Heinz Kitchens. So zealously is the fine, fresh flavor of the tomato guarded that silver lined tubes are provided to conduct the product, steaming hot, into the sterilized bottles.

THE Heinz Company has made and marketed approximately twelve and one-half million bottles of ketchup in a single season, and not a drop of it contained an artificial preservative.

All processes are carried on in sunny model kitchens, by neat, uniformed workers. Everything is sweet and clean; the utmost sanitation abounds. The same choice materials, the same painstaking care, the same clean methods prevail in the making of every Heinz product. Not one of them contains a trace of benzoate of soda or any other drug, and no artificial coloring is used.

OF course, it costs more to make tomato ketchup from fresh, whole tomatoes, than from canners' waste artificially preserved; it costs more to make the wholesome apple butter of our grandmothers from sound, fresh apples

than from dried apple waste kept by chemicals. It costs more to make currant jelly from currants and granulated sugar than the juice of dried apple cores, skins and glucose artificially flavored, colored and preserved. It costs more to make fruit preserves out of whole, sound, ripe fruit and granulated sugar than from partly spoiled, decayed and unsalable fruit, that has to be kept from spoiling by the addition of drugs.

BUT it is all a part of the Heinz plan to give the world the highest grade of food products, based upon the finest raw materials obtainable, prepared with a degree of skill and scientific cleanliness the average home cannot provide.

Last year 30,000 visitors were freely shown through Heinz Kitchens. The public is made the judge of the materials and methods employed. Is there not, then, a convincing story of quality in the fact that Heinz 57 are the most widely known and most universally consumed products in the world to-day?

OUT of many brands of Ketchup and Chili Sauce taken promiscuously from grocers' shelves throughout the country, in September, only three were found that did not contain benzoate of soda. On the labels of the rest it was necessary to put the following statement:

CONTAINS 1/10 OF ONE PER CENT BENZOATE OF SODA



HEINZ

57 VARIETIES

Are All Made Without Benzoate of Soda

Every one of the 57 is strictly pure. Our raw materials and our methods are of such a high character that the uniform goodness of Heinz products is guaranteed to your table without the necessity of chemicals, coloring or drugs. Grocers refund money to dissatisfied purchasers.

The Heinz Kitchens are immaculate in their cleanliness; the workers are neatly uniformed. We had 30,000 visitors last year. It is always safe to buy the product of an establishment that keeps its doors open.

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It makes a man have a different feeling to be a capitalist and have income checks coming in every six months. Would you like to try this? Write for our booklet "The Safe Way to Save." It costs you nothing.

During the last 25 years our capital and surplus have grown from \$1,000,000 to \$12,000,000. Ask anybody from New York: whether your money is safe with us

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350 Fulton St., Jamaica, L. I.

Mail this Coupon to
TITLE GUARANTEE & TRUST CO.
176 Broadway, New York

Please send "The Safe Way to Save" advertised in Collier's Weekly to

Name.....

Address.....

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

A Quaker Woman on Marriage and Divorce

(Continued from page 19)

that must be entered into with the greatest possible care, because it could not be broken without heartbreak and disgrace. In the early days of this college it was sometimes called, in derision, "the match factory," but now it is recognized that the happy marriages it made are one of the most valuable parts of its work. Certainly it could not have gone on if its students had not been a self-perpetuating body. In the communities into which they went they became the chief forces for the uplifting of all the neighborhood.

When Thomas and I were married we did not have an elaborate wedding and I did not promise to obey. We used the ancient symbol, but each put a ring on the finger of the other and repeated the old formula: "In the presence of the Lord and before this company, I, Thomas, take thee, Mary, to be my wife, promising to be unto thee a true and faithful husband until death shall separate us," and then I repeated exactly the same formula with a change of names, and we walked out of the meeting-house in full consciousness that we had undertaken a great work and that all would not always be as merry as a marriage bell. Certainly no Quaker woman could endure the stupidity of the lives of most of the fashionable women that I read about in novels. Most of them seem to be so badly educated that they can discover nothing in this wonderful world but their own nerves, and some seek false stimulants of all kinds. We have been taught to look within for a sense of the true values of things, to get our greatest pleasures from

working in harmony with the great forces that were and are and evermore shall be.

In my world it was always considered disgraceful to bring into the world a larger family than you could properly care for and train into useful citizens; but to have one child or none at all was considered your misfortune, not your fault. If you had a very small family you were supposed to make up in quality what you lacked in quantity; if you had none at all, you were an object of sympathy, not of reproach. You must find comfort in the belief that the Lord intended you for service in some other part of His vineyard, and to find that service to the very best of your ability. I feel that most of the matrimonial tangles of our time are due to worldly motives in marriage and these to the wrong education of fashionable schools. I believe, more and more, that a woman is not fit to be married until she has demonstrated her ability to live alone, that she has no right to impose herself as a helpless burden on a man. No doubt such a doctrine sounds strange in fashionable New York!

My people do not take a pessimistic view of the present stage in reproduction, they do not lay the blame for it on the independence of woman. We have always held the views of equality in marriage that are considered by some so dangerous. We believe that love is life and life is love, in one perpetually recurring round, and that the present seeming failure of the physical sources of life is a necessary step in placing marriage upon a higher plane.

An Exclusive Story

(Continued from page 24)

of the chair with a fierce, cat-like movement, snatched the paper from his hand and sprang back, gasping. He could see fright and horror in her eyes.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, but her voice was pitifully low. "How could you say a thing like that?"

He sat dumbly, watching her thin fingers twisting the letter. Then she spoke again: "You did not mean that—about publishing it?"

"You knew I was a reporter?" he replied, stolidly.

She unfolded his card and read it again, bewildered.

"Yes—I knew it; of course. But I did not think—I did not understand. I just wanted to talk. It relieved me so to talk. I felt so much better a minute ago. But I did not suppose—oh!"

She stopped, as if the effort to say it sickened her. Kent had a wild impulse to run from the house.

"You told it to me freely," he said, but he could not meet her eyes. "I hardly asked a question, you know, after the first. Nothing was said about not using it."

"But I have the letter back. You have not been able to copy it and—I won't let you." There was an air of puny defiance in her voice; it sounded so brave and futile.

"But you talked, you know," Kent reminded her. She drew her breath sharply and seemed to shrivel again.

"Did—did you think that I would—that I could have talked about—if I had understood?—a thing like that! Oh, no, no! You can not think that. You could not print a thing like that."

Kent moved uneasily, but made no answer.

"Why, a paper could not print that," she continued, uncertainly. "Could it? Do they ever print things like that? It was not for that I talked to you. I just had to talk. I did not think you would misunderstand. It was foolish of me, of course. But I am glad that you explained about it, because now that you understand, why you will not. You could not, anyhow. Could you?"

He nodded at her.

"I can not understand," she said, slowly, shaking her head. "How could it be printed? Oh, please do not say that. It is just ours—his and mine. Who could be interested in it? Would anybody read it?"

"It is true, isn't it?" he asked.

"True? Why, yes; of course. Did you doubt that? I would not have told it if it had not been true. That was why it seemed as if I had to say it."

"Then it's news," he said. The phrase was trite; he had said it often. But it had never seemed like a lie before. Even now he would not believe that it was a lie, though it sounded despicable.

"I am afraid I don't know anything about news," she said, dully. "I am stupid,

I suppose. But how can it be news? I am sorry, of course, that I talked to you when you did not understand. But now that you know, why you can not—print it." She said the last words in a whisper. "I could not stop it if I wanted to," muttered Kent.

"You could not? Why, I tell you that you can not—you must not! Can a paper print a thing—like this—when you say that they can not?"

Her eyes were wide with amazement.

"He told me, too," said Kent.

"He—told—you?" she repeated after him. "I did not know that. You did not tell me that. And—" there was a hopeless catch in her voice—"did he know it was to be printed?"

"He must have," answered Kent, doggedly.

"I do not believe it," she said, shaking her head slowly. "He did not understand. He would have told you not to. Did he say anything about not printing it?"

Kent shook his head. Her breath came sharply, as though she were in pain.

"He did not understand," she went on. "He could not have known. He would have told you no. Then you could not have printed it. But now I tell you. You can not; you must not. Oh, it would be horrible! Oh, say that you will not!"

Her voice fell from pitiful command to pleading. She was leaning forward, her lips parted, her eyes fixed and staring. She seemed to Kent to have become very old. The brutality, the cheap vulgarity, of it came to him with a shock—the brutality of the man, of the story, of himself. He had told her it was news! The thing sickened him. Yet why? It was news. Any paper would print it. There could be no doubt that it was news.

Kent, who had been writing steadily, shivered as if from chill.

Some of the rest of it he did not remember so clearly. But that did not matter much; the story was told. The rest was just—just what happened sometimes. She cried very little, and that seemed to him queer; most of the time her eyes were dry and unmooving. He remembered that some of her talk was incoherent. He did not interrupt, nor try to explain. She did not know anything about news.

He arose, pausing for an instant to look down at the crumpled figure. There was an unnatural fascination in the misery of this creature who could not understand. A voice from somewhere seemed to be crying: "Thief!"

And then he cursed himself for the pause, for she was on her knees—to him!—her white face upturned, the desperation of terror in her eyes. The wrinkled letter lay on the rug in front of her, a hand clutched convulsively toward him, and she was moaning:



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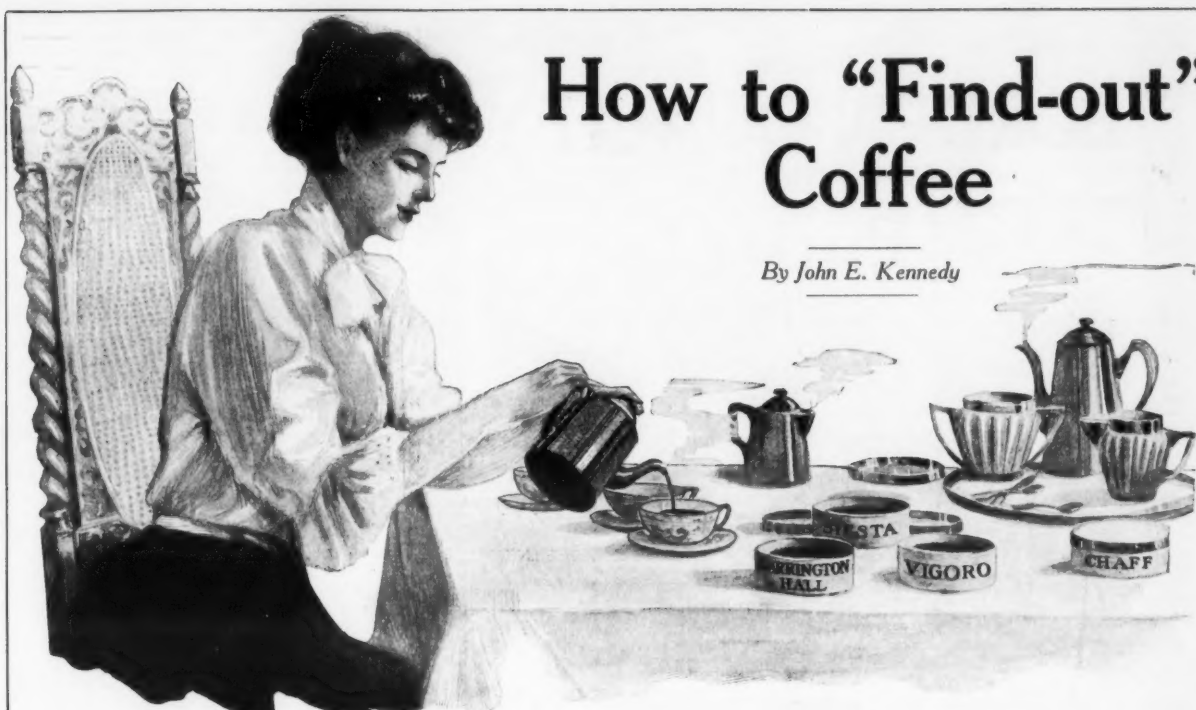


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"Ideal for those who avoid strong Coffee."

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY
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How to "Find-out" Coffee

By John E. Kennedy

COFFEE, you know, is a *flavor*. Many people think of Coffee as a food, a drink, a Stimulant or a berry.

It is all of these and then Some.

But, 95 people out of every hundred drink Coffee merely because they like it.

And they like it because a particular *flavor* of it pleases them.

Now there are as many different *flavors* of "Coffee" as there are of Candy.

A person may be very fond of Caramels and detest Chocolate Creams.

A person may be very fond of Java Coffee *flavor* and detest Brazilian Coffee *flavor*.

In the South "Black Coffee" is popular, and in the West a lighter, smoother Coffee, for instance.

So that "Coffee" is a word of Many Meanings.

+

People who "don't like Coffee" have never yet found the particular *flavor* of Coffee which would have pleased them. They can find it yet.

When they do find it they won't quit drinking it, and they shouldn't quit.

Because good Coffee, properly roasted, steel-cut, purified, and packed in dust-tight tins—in short, Bakerized Coffee—is the most harmless of all good stimulants.

Music and applause are stimulants, too, you know. And, Coffee is quite as harmless as these, if it be good enough and properly Made.

But, how to "find-out" really good Coffee.

And how to find-out the *precise* kind of Coffee *flavor* which best pleases your palate, as certain kinds of Candy please the palates of certain Children.

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This Find-out Package contains the three different *flavors* of highest grade Coffee.

Observe that the three distinct *flavors* in the "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee are not merely three *kinds* of Coffee, but three fixed and *unvarying* *flavors* of Coffee.

These *flavors* are built up by Coffee Experts, from all the necessary and *varying* kinds of Coffee, each year to a fixed *standard* of *flavor* and stimulation.

When therefore you buy a "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee, and find from this just which Coffee *flavor* best pleases your palate, you can then feel sure of getting that same identical

flavor year after year, under its given brand.

You can do this regardless of how *widely* the *flavor* of Coffee grown in Brazil, in Java, or other countries may *vary*, from year to year, because of rain or drought, of bad harvesting or indifferent roasting.

(Your Grocer, no matter how able or conscientious he be, cannot control these variations in Coffee.)

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This package will contain over three-quarters of a pound of the *best* Coffee you have ever tasted.

That Coffee will be put up in *three* separate boxes.

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One of these three boxes will contain "VIGORO" Bakerized Coffee.

This is a robust fuming aromatic stimulating Coffee—full of uplift, spicy odor and generous *flavor*. It is a vigorous, "black" Southern Coffee which "touches the spot" and "puts you up on horseback."

Another box will contain "BARRINGTON HALL" Bakerized Coffee.

This is deliciously smooth and fragrant, mellow, fine and satisfying, with a delightful, lingering after-taste.

It is more nearly the *standard* *flavor* of right-good Coffee than any other we know of.

A third box contains "SIESTA" Bakerized Coffee.

This is of mild and dainty *flavor*, full of subtle delicacy and bouquet.

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Ideal for those who want to avoid strong Coffee.

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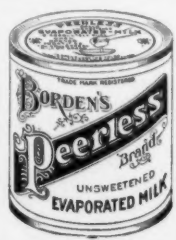


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"No, no, no! You can not! Don't you understand? I lied! It was a lie—all of it! I swear it. I lied! I lied! I lied!" Kent had no clear idea of how he reached the sidewalk, but he remembered glancing back at the big, placid house almost fearfully. The panic of flight seemed to be driving him. The picture of the limp creature on the rug made him shudder; the pitiful denial, so false and so useless, was still in his ears. He walked for several blocks rapidly, trying to get a grip of himself.

After all, it was silly to feel shaky. Things like that had happened before. Not exactly in that way, perhaps, but in all essentials it was the same. They all wanted it kept out. If he felt anything, it ought to be elation. That was the way Haskins would feel, and Haskins would judge the thing simply on its merits, as news. "It is news," he repeated to himself, and he said it over and over again, as if to get the sound of it. It was a good story. And it had been so easy; no hours of fruitless work, no baffling obstacles, no "digging." He had not stolen it! He kept saying that over and over again, too. She knew he was a reporter—and she had talked. How could she blame him? Nobody was to blame. Not even Haskins. It was news; it was a story; and it was going to be printed. News could not be stopped.

Kent dropped his fingers from the keys, swiftly reviewing in his mind what he had written. He did not think he had left anything out. Even the "human interest" was there. If there was any pathos, they wanted it; if it was funny, he was to make it funny. Well, the whole loathsome thing was there, naked and quivering. They ought to be satisfied.

"How about it, Kent?" Haskins's metallic voice roused him.

"Just a paragraph," he answered.

A minute later he pulled out the last page, arranged the sheets in their numbered order, laid them on the slide of the desk and started to read them over. Then he arose suddenly and carried the story over to Haskins's desk.

"Here it is," he said, dropping it on the blotter. "I haven't read it over, but I guess it runs straight."

"Never mind; I'll read it," said Haskins. "Stay around a while."

Kent went back to his desk, slid the typewriter out of sight, and lighted a cigarette. He sat there stolidly. The noise and restlessness of the last hour, the hurried comings and goings of those about him, the ringing of telephones, the indefinable tenseness that came with closing things up, did not reach his senses. He seemed to see nothing but a shrunken figure on its knees in a big, gloomy room. He shook himself at last, to destroy the image, and looked toward Haskins's desk.

Haskins was reading it, turning page after page with mechanical regularity. He had not lifted a pencil from the desk, and Kent wondered vaguely if he was going to run it without subheads. He looked at the clock and saw that Haskins would have to rush it, if he wanted to catch the edition. It was already pretty late. He watched Haskins turn the last page and lay it on top of the others.

Haskins was sitting motionless, gazing out of the window. Kent had never seen him motionless before, and the thing struck him as incongruous. For several minutes he sat thus, his head turned away from the room. Then he started suddenly and glanced at the clock.

"Kent!" he called.

Kent went over to the desk. Haskins did not look up at once; he appeared to be studying the pile of manuscript that lay on the blotter. His fingers were drumming on the edge of the desk and he was biting his under lip in a preoccupied way.

"Have you spoken to anybody about this story, Kent?" he asked, suddenly.

Kent shook his head.

"Nobody in the office?" The tone was searching.

"No; nobody."

Haskins picked up the pile of typewritten sheets and slowly tore it across. He laid one pile upon the other and tore them again. A third time he repeated the operation. Then he dropped the pieces into the basket.

"If you ever speak about that story you'll be fired, Kent," he said, fiercely. "Do you understand? And I'll resign."

"I understand," said Kent, nodding.

"I'll allow you for your work," he snapped, swinging around his chair and looking out of the window again. "Get your lunch, if you want to. That's all."

A second later he called Kent back.

"You can send her word, if you like," he said in a curious voice.

"All right," answered Kent. "I think—"

Haskins whirled on him.

"Stop thinking! Don't bother me!" he broke out. "And—oh, damn it, Kent, don't do anything like that again."

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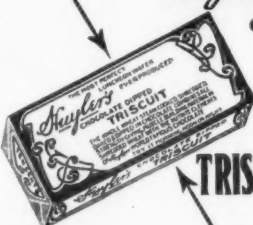
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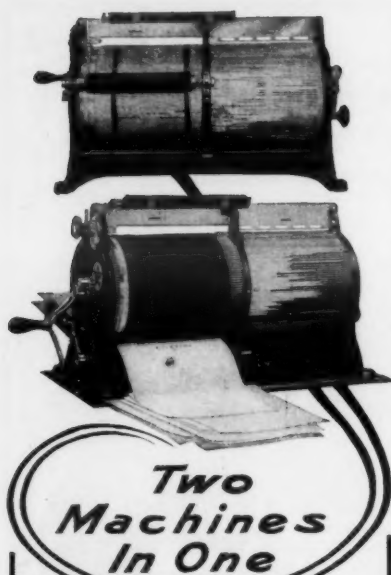
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Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps
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Rockefeller, the Meek

(Continued from page 25)

In his character as "the meek" he is both apologetic and deferential. He always stands aside and lets the next person go ahead, saying with truly charming courtesy "after you," or "you first." I have observed him start down a path most naturally, and then draw back without the slightest excuse, and ask another to go ahead, always with a flattering inflection in his voice, a slight sweep of the hand, a gracious smile.

One morning he made a fair putt into the fourth hole—not a difficult one, for the distance was moderate and the green as smooth as velvet. Etiquette in Pocantico Hills, however, demands a chorus of praise whenever the host makes a shot that affords the least excuse for it, so those about him applauded loudly.

"A splendid shot," led off Miss Ramsey, his out-of-doors secretary.

"Beautifully played," from the Protestant minister.

"An excellent shot," exclaimed the priest.

As Mr. Rockefeller smiled contentedly, a greensman standing near by, evidently feeling that it was up to him, burst out: "A snortin' good shot."

The joy on Mr. Rockefeller's face fled, and in its place crept the shadow of displeasure.

"A Western expression," he said, turning to me. "The man is from Ohio, you know."

Then he added, as though this were not sufficient to counteract the highly inappropriate effusion. "Besides, we have only our holiday manners when we play golf."

One crisp November morning Mr. Rockefeller stood beneath a leafless tree, waiting for a companion to drive. Looking up, he saw a small sparrow jumping from twig to twig. Thereupon, with a benign expression, he recited two stanzas of the poem beginning, "Birdie, birdie in the tree."

"It's delightful," he added, "to recall those old verses which I learned when I was a little fellow."

Humming Hymns

FOR a brief second he looked at me with a glance so unmistakably keen that I realized that he had not been so far swept away by youthful memories that he was neglectful of watching the effect of them upon me.

Then he hummed.

His tunes are nearly always hymnal, and appear quite spontaneous. Rarely does he break into words, however. Instead he hums softly, confining himself to several bars of the piece, and then, after a pause, repeats them, until his thirst for music is quenched. Once only did I hear his thin, shrill notes burdened with words. That was the first time that I ever went over the course with him, and then he sang over and over again the three words, "Lead Thou me."

Very frequently, as the game progresses, he calls to Miss Ramsey, who keeps score: "How do we stand?"

If the announcement is in his favor he crows over his opponent, not offensively but very childishly, and hops about, first on one foot and then on the other.

"Now who is ahead!" he shouts, laughing hilariously and clapping his hands.

Sometimes his wig rises rakishly and shows the shining bald head. It then becomes one of Miss Ramsey's cares to call: "Wait a moment, Mr. Rockefeller," and run up behind him to pull it down.

It does not take a very careful observer to note the similarity between Mr. Rockefeller, the golfer, and Mr. Rockefeller, the financier. While he plays, he attends studiously to his game, an undeniably good one. With every shot he takes the utmost care. Before he begins to play each morning he has one of his caddies—there are always two for himself and one for his opponent—place the balls on the ground. He knocks fifteen or twenty of these out into the thin air, one after the other.

"You need the practise for the eye!" he explains.

Every stroke is clean, and there is never the least fidgeting. When he misses a ball, or makes a bad shot, he tries it over and over again until he has accomplished what he set out to do. This extreme care was particularly noticeable one morning. Upon missing a shot on the green, he putted again. But the ball fell short.

"That was cowardly!" he exclaimed.

Another went wild, and he said firmly: "I was too nervous."

As a third ball rolled too far, he commented: "That was not well thought out."

Finally, when he had holed out, he ex-

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Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us one dollar for a pound box prepaid. One sample box for 30c. in stamps and your dealer's name.

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It's an important question—it's serious—this choosing of the correct food for growing children.

Do you want your children keen—active—bright-eyed—clear skinned—full of life—red blood—and energy? Do you want their nerves steady—and their muscles firm? Do you want them to play well—sleep well—and study well? Then you must seriously consider the proper food—you must choose a food that's full of nutriment—phosphorus—and that is easily digested.

That one word, digestion, is the cause of many a child being nervous—irritable—puny—and anæmic.

A food that requires all of the gastric juices of the child's system to digest is dangerous—as is a food that does not contain the proper percentage of nourishment.

To mal-nutrition in childhood, especially during school days, when the child's brain is being exercised and developed—may be traced nearly all of the ills and weaknesses of after life. If you would have your children strong—and healthy—if you want them to grow into strong and sturdy men and women—watch their food most carefully during school days, while the Brain—the Governor of the Nervous System—is being used and developed.

Ralston Health Food is made from tiny almond-colored wheat hearts—or seed centers of ripe, selected wheat. These

wheat hearts are full of phosphorus and gluten—known to be the greatest brain and body building—blood and muscle making elements in the human diet.

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If you want your children to play well—sleep well—and study well, feed them RALSTON HEALTH FOOD. They always like it—for it's good to eat and good for them to eat. RALSTON HEALTH FOOD is sterilized by our special process—thus always good. Ralston Health Food is an economic Food—a 15-cent package making 50 plates of food when ready to serve. Ralston Health Food is the acknowledged standard—staple breakfast food. It is sold by all good grocers. If your grocer doesn't keep it, refuse a substitute or imitation—both would be dangerous—but write us direct and we'll see that you are supplied.

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A Thousand Dollars in Cash for RALSTON RHYMES. Contest open to Ralston Kids and grown-ups everywhere. We are running a RALSTON RHYME CONTEST free to everybody. Nothing to buy—no money to send. Just fill in the last line of the Ralston Rhyme shown in this coupon and you have an equal chance with everybody else to win a Cash Prize—820 Prizes all told. The Contest closes December 15th, to give us time to send the prizes to the winners before Christmas.

The Judges in the Contest are:

Honorable George H. Williams, Judge of the Circuit Court, St. Louis, Mo.
Ellmore C. Patterson, Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly, Chicago, Ill.
D. L. Taylor of The Long-Critchfield Corporation, Chicago, Ill.
(Author of this Advertisement.)

Prizes will be awarded as follows:

- \$100.00 in Cash for the Best Rhyme submitted.
- \$ 50.00 in Cash for the Second Best Rhyme submitted.
- \$ 20.00 in Cash for the Third Best Rhyme submitted.
- \$ 10.00 in Cash for the Fourth Best Rhyme submitted.
- \$ 5.00 in Cash for the Fifth Best Rhyme submitted.

—and \$815.00 in \$1.00 Bills for the 815 next best rhymes, thus you have 820 chances to secure a Cash Prize.

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Talk about your imitations,
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Talk about the breakfast foods,
You read about in ads.
There's but one among the hundreds,
That has really stood the test,
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We buy only the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest and finest we know—costing an average of 73c per pound.

We could buy yarns at 35c—but our yarn is 3-ply and fine. Others use cheap and coarse 2-ply yarn.

Note how they're made, and feel of them.

This is the guarantee in each box of six pairs: "If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

We double this 3-ply yarn in knitting the heels and toes.

That makes our hose last, yet these parts are not stiff or thick, because of this extra soft yarn.

Our children's stockings have knee, heel and toe reinforced in this way.

The price of these is \$3 for a box of 6 pairs.

But they more than save their cost in 6 months.

They are really the cheapest by far.

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You need not try this hosiery once. You'll wear it always thereafter. The whole family will wear it. Try it and see what you save. Let what you gain in this trial decide what hosiery you'll buy in the future.

See it at your dealer's. Note that the only difference between the best unguaranteed hose and "Holeproof" is that "Holeproof" wear longer. Compare them with any brand of hose. Notice how soft and light they are. Then let them show how they wear.

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Hose, bearing the "Holeproof" Trade-mark, order direct from us. Remit in any convenient way.

Remember, the "Holeproof" guarantee protects you.

Sizes, Colors, Weights, Etc.

Holeproof Hose for Men—6 pairs, \$2. Medium, light and extra light weight. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, and black with

white feet. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted as desired.

Holeproof Lustre-Hose for Men—Finished like silk. 6 pairs, \$3. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, and pearl gray. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

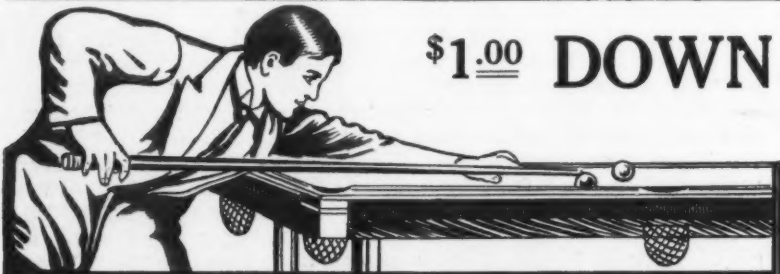
Holeproof Lustre-Socks—Finished like silk. 6 pairs, \$3. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Children's Stockings—Boys' sizes, 5 to 11, and Misses' sizes, 5 to 9½. Colors, black and tan. Six-ply reinforced knee, heel and toe. 6 pairs, \$3.

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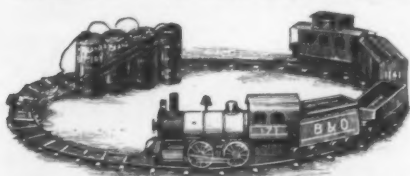
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claimed: "There, that shot was just right—fearless, well thought out, and steady." If he had been asked to epitomize his game of finance, he would doubtlessly have used the same three attributives. There is a further resemblance. Although no one could ever accuse Mr. Rockefeller of being deliberately dishonest in golf, there are certain irregularities which make an observer and some of his companions smile. If the ball falls in a bad spot, Mr. Rockefeller will say, with a pained expression on his face: "Oh, that rock is right in the way," or: "This hole is going to spoil a good drive."

Then he will lift it out into a clear space and ask: "That's all right, isn't it?" to the opponent looking on.

One of his caddies has a long white rod, which he places in front of Mr. Rockefeller's ball, to mark the exact direction of the drive. No others have such a guide-pole.

His Jacket as Thermometer

ONE may always tell the temperature by the amount of clothing Mr. Rockefeller wears while playing, for he is fastidiously exact about the warmth required. Every morning his valet, who is also his butler, tells him just how much he should put on. If it is warm, his flannel shirt is enough; if cooler, he adds his pen-green golf jacket; if chilly, his cardigan jacket; and if cold, he wears an outer coat over all the rest. It is a long process, this equalizing the temperature, and it is additionally delayed by Mr. Rockefeller's pausing before a mirror in his hallway to adjust the wig and fit a cap snugly over it, to rearrange his tie and to brush away a tiny speck or two from his clothing. He is very particular about his dress.

Mr. Rockefeller is not so sanguine as to expect that the sentiment toward him will change all at once. "People are coming to understand me better," is his way of putting it.

Before Taft and Bryan were named by the conventions, I asked him whether he would vote the Republican or the Democratic ticket.

"The Republican, of course; that is to be expected," he said emphatically. Then he added in a pained tone: "They haven't treated me right. Nevertheless, I'll stand by them. Many a time I have come to their help, always ready to aid them to the best of my ability. In return they have been ungrateful on several occasions, and have done things that were extremely unkind to me. One will never realize how much they owe me until I am dead and gone, and my acts are recorded in history—then I will be appreciated."

He sighed, apparently resigned to his fate.

I queried one day: "Isn't Secretary Taft going to follow in President Roosevelt's steps too closely to have an administration very much different from the present one?"

He said quickly: "Do you think so?" and shook his head with an impulsive jerk, that left no doubt that he, at least, didn't.

Although he never once attacked Roosevelt openly in my presence, his cordial dislike of the President was obvious at the mere mention of his name. I called his attention to the statement of Professor Sumner of Yale, attributing the panic to the President and his drastic anti-corporation policies. Mr. Rockefeller immediately showed ill-concealed pleasure, and crowded gleefully to his out-of-doors secretary: "Do you hear that, Miss Ramsey?"

But he immediately drew back into his shell again. Only once did I see him on the verge of irritation, and then owing to an act of President Roosevelt's.

"What is the main caption this morning?" he said just before making a drive: "I haven't had an opportunity to read the papers?"

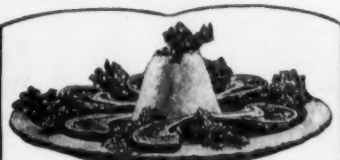
Whacking the Ball

IT WAS the morning when the much-advertised move of the President against the Steel Trust and allied Southern railroads was featured. As soon as I mentioned it, Mr. Rockefeller took a firm hold of his stick and hit the ball a fierce thwack. It flew very wild. Miss Ramsey, who had not listened to our conversation, remarked on the poor drive.

"Oh, I had something on my mind," he muttered, showing a bit of temper. But in a moment he was entirely changed. A smile was on his lips, and he made a genial remark on the course.

Once I asked him when his new million-dollar house would be finished. He exclaimed: "Oh, I don't know; in fact, I never bother about it. For me the plain house where we live now is roomy enough. It's comfortable. That's all I want. My son is taking all the interest in the new house."

That afternoon, as I talked with the



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LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

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Played with keys like a piano and having a similar action.

The Dolceola is the only musical instrument ever invented that has been demanded and sold in nearly every country upon the globe, the first year it was on the market.

It is endorsed by leading musicians everywhere, as well as by the nobility of Europe.

From a Musical Authority of New York:—"I consider it an instrument of great merit. It will be of great assistance in preparing beginners for the piano."—Albert Gerard-Thiers.

Chas. K. Harris, author of "After the Ball," says: "My children are learning it without an instructor."

The Princess of Isenberg Darmstadt, Germany, says: "I have received the Dolceola, and am delighted with it."

The Dolceola, with its four full octaves, embodies the exquisite tone value of two guitars and two mandolins. Its action, while similar to that of the piano, is quicker and more simple, permitting effects impossible with the larger instrument. Any chain of music can be played. Music lovers are delighted with it. You must have one.

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Welch's Grape Juice

A Story of Growth

The growth in the demand for Welch's Grape Juice has been remarkable, not simply because of the size to which the business has now attained, but because this growth has been so evenly divided, each year showing about the same proportionate increase with never a step backward.

In 1905 we sold 300,000 gallons and carried a little over.

In 1906 we sold 400,000 gallons and were unable to fill some orders.

In 1907 we sold 550,000 gallons and were entirely out of Grape Juice for several months.

In 1908 we have sold nearly 700,000 gallons.

For 1909 we have pressed 1,000,000 gallons. To accomplish this it was necessary to build a large addition to our reinforced concrete plant and we now have storage capacity for 1,500,000 gallons.

When you know that Welch's Grape Juice is stored in hermetically sealed glass carboys you will recognize something of the kind of plant we must have and the work required to press and bottle this enormous quantity in the three weeks of the grape season.

The grape crop this season was one of the smallest ever known in the Chautauqua Belt, but this did not interfere with our getting a sufficient quantity to supply the demand we anticipate for Welch's Grape Juice. The quality of grapes used was the finest we have ever had.

In originating unfermented grape juice and making known the merits of Welch's Grape Juice we have done much for temperance, and dietetics.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY, Westfield, N. Y.

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"Send for MURPHY HE Knows"

Are you the man that is sent for when **expert information** is wanted? Such a man is **always** in demand at a big salary, because he **knows**, because he's **TRAINED**.

Training is the one great essential to success. Nowadays, no ambitious man need remain in the "dollar a day" ranks. So long as you have the ambition to rise **and can read and write**, there is no limit to the success to which you can attain through the help of the International Correspondence Schools.

If you want to be the man "sent for" get in touch with the I. C. S. Lack of capital need not hinder; it doesn't matter how little schooling you have had; age is no barrier; it is immaterial where you live or what you do; you don't have to leave home or lose a day's work; there are no books to buy.

The attached coupon will lead the way. Cut it out. Mark it—mail it now. There's no charge for the advice it will bring.

During September 228 students **VOLUNTARILY** reported salary increases and promotions secured wholly through I. C. S. training.

The Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries.

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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X

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foreman bossing the construction of the building, I was considerably surprised to hear that nearly every day Mr. Rockefeller spent several hours going about the building, making suggestions, having this or that torn down, and showing the keenest delight in the progress of the building. Extra men were put on the force of the construction company to hurry the building to completion.

Another time an eight-year-old grandson accompanied Mr. Rockefeller around the course. "What are those great stone walls for over there?" he asked, pointing to a high structure of masonry that bulwarked the southern part of the estate.

Mr. Rockefeller hesitated.

"What for, grandpa?"

"So people can't climb over it."

"Who would climb over it?" insisted the little boy.

"Tramps," he replied, ill at ease.

The answer satisfied the boy, but none of the others in the party, for they knew that hoboos never come to the estate.

Humble Lord of the Acres

MR. ROCKEFELLER, who is quick to sense the impression received by those about him, became noticeably confused, and then turned the conversation by a reference to the splendid condition of the golf course, a subject on which he invariably comments when at a loss for something to say. Had he been frank, he might have confessed his baronial tendencies, evident enough to any one who walks through his estate. Wherever a wall, a thick stone one, may be reared without creating too much comment, he has it. His new house on the hill somewhat resembles a castle, so girded is it by a series of terrace walls.

Even his passion for acres he is beginning to hide. To be sure, whenever you ask him the number of acres in his estate—estimated in the thousands—he always says: "Oh, I haven't any accurate idea," in such a nonchalant manner that you are inclined to believe that he cares less. But, now and then, he will call a visitor's attention to a particularly beautiful growth of trees, and then say, with eyes suffused with pride: "That is my property."

Once in an unguarded moment he admitted: "Yes, I'd like to own as far as I can see."

Already nearly all of the Pocantico Hills, overlooking the Hudson, the beautiful woodlands of Sleepy Hollow, and long stretches of North Tarrytown are his.

"Will he ever stop buying?" ask the old residents of Tarrytown, seeing their old retreats gradually enclosed in one great estate.

Yes, it may be answered, when he believes that further acquisitions will hurt his chances of becoming a "popular man."

Brickbats and Bouquets

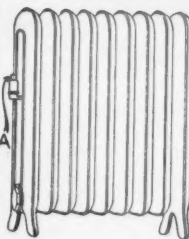
Kind Words and Bitter Spoken by Editors, Subscribers, and Readers, Regular and Occasional, About Collier's

"Please find enclosed a clipping from the 'Post-Dispatch' referring to your friend Levy. This is about the sixth indictment against him, and for your effort against the fake doctors, three of them in St. Louis have lost their licenses, one of them going to the workhouse for six months, besides paying a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars. This is grand work. Keep it up.

Sincerely yours, E. P. DUFFY."

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY recently devoted considerable attention to the Levy company and its brand of gin, and severely scored District Attorney Blodgett in St. Louis for failure to proceed against the company. At the first grand jury after the evidence was brought to his attention the District Attorney obtained an indictment. The case was called to the attention of COLLIER'S by the arrest of a negro charged with a heinous offense. In his possession was found a bottle of Levy's gin. It bore a label of a woman and wording which, COLLIER'S said, was calculated to arouse the negroes to crime. The indictments found by the grand jury charge Levy and Asher with sending through the express the bottles bearing objectionable labels and objectionable advertising matter, and with sending through the mails objectionable letters, telling where such objectionable matter could be obtained. Judge Dyer placed the bond on each indictment at \$6,000 for each defendant."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Air leaks are heat leaks



The modern method of **Low-Pressure Steam** heating is highly successful, but its full possibilities are not

brought out unless provided with valves for putting out and keeping out the air. Air is the greatest enemy of heat. Give it a chance and the air sneaks into the radiator at "A" and "B," as in illustration above, and practically steals the heat—wastes the fuel.

Norwall Vacuum Valves

are a new clever device which put out and keep out the air, thus allowing the steam to heat up every square inch of the radiator surfaces. By screwing these valves on to your radiators in place of the ordinary valves, you can bank your fires for 8, 12, or more hours and still have sufficient heat circulated through the radiators to maintain the desired temperature in the rooms.

Norwall Vacuum Valves and the Norwall Packless Radiator Valves when screwed on to any steam-heating outfit will change it into an ideal vacuum warming system, at a fuel saving of 15% to 20% (many users report fuel savings as high as 40%).

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The Jewell Controller with Time Clock Attachment

This wonderful device accurately maintains a reduced temperature during the night and by setting the Time Clock at a predetermined morning hour it will, when that time comes, raise the temperature to any degree desired.

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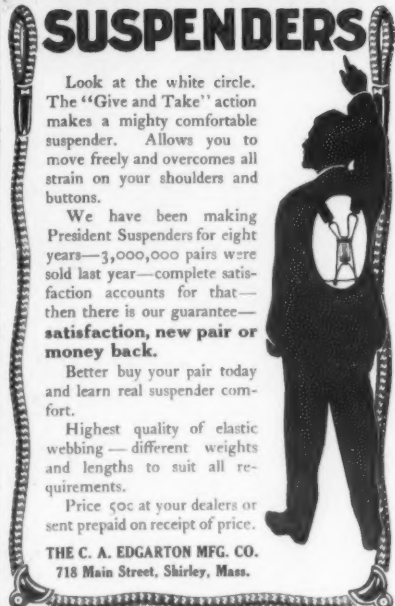
We have been making President Suspenders for eight years—3,000,000 pairs were sold last year—complete satisfaction accounts for that—then there is our guarantee—satisfaction, new pair or money back.

Better buy your pair today and learn real suspender comfort.

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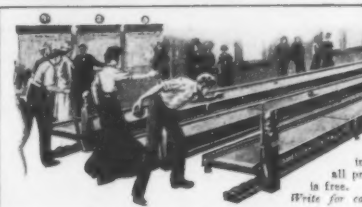
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Patent Leather Shoes GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK

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We authorize our dealer to give you a new pair free should the patent "Burrojaps" leather in the uppers of your "Korrek Shape" shoes break through before the first sole is worn through. Look for the "Burrojaps" label in the lining.

The way to assure yourself that you are getting the genuine "Burrojaps" guaranteed leather is to buy "Korrek Shape" Shoes. We own and control "Burrojaps" leathers and no other shoes on earth can be made of it. In every pair of "Korrek Shapes" made of "Burrojaps" patent (or dull) leather we stitch firmly into the lining the label shown here. Look for it, and buy no other shoes. Price \$4.

No shoes you can wear will give you such solid, lasting and uniform comfort as "Korrek Shapes." It's the way they are made—on a model adapted faithfully to the normal, natural structure of the human foot. They fit from the moment you put them on until the last day you wear them. Burt & Packard's patent has been famous half a century for this perfect fitting quality. Send for Catalog. 5,000 dealers sell "Korrek Shape" Shoes for Men—probably at least one in your town. If not, you can buy from our Catalog. It shows 11 complete full styles, and we send the shoes prepaid. Send for it today. Mention your shoe dealer.



Patent Blucher, Box Kid Top, "Winton" Toe, Style No. 25.

Price \$4
Custom \$5

The Burt & Packard Co.
MAKERS
Dept. B4
Brookton, Mass.

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Will Your Face Bear Close Inspection?

MEN

That clean, well-groomed look that everyone admires in a man means a clear, healthy skin. There is nothing to keep a man's skin in condition like Pompeian Massage Cream, and used after shaving it prevents soreness.

WOMEN

A sallow, rough complexion may be concealed out-of-doors by a veil; a stage "make-up" may pass a stage distance, but in the close, personal association of indoor society, only a complexion that is good can look good.

A Pompeian complexion looks better the more closely it is inspected, for then the more its genuineness is evident; by a "Pompeian complexion" we do not mean any sort of a "patent" or artificial complexion—we mean simply a natural, healthy skin—Pompeian Massage Cream is the *natural* aid to good looks and means for restoring natural conditions in nature's own way.

A few minutes' use each day of

POMPEIAN Massage Cream



works wonders in removing the results of neglect and in restoring and maintaining a clear, fresh, velvety skin. It also removes wrinkles and "crows-feet," reduces flabbiness and double chins, plumps out hollows, rounds the angles and makes the flesh firm and plastic.

Pompeian Massage Cream is not a cold cream or a grease cream. Such preparations have their uses but they cannot do the work of Pompeian, which is rubbed in and *then rubbed out* (not left in), bringing out with it all impurities and pore-clogging matter and leaving the skin full of life and in a natural condition.

MOST EXTENSIVE SALE BECAUSE BEST

Ample proof that men and women have found Pompeian Massage Cream does what we claim for it is in the fact that 10,000 jars of Pompeian Massage Cream are made and sold daily. However, we want you to try and prove Pompeian for yourself, and so we make this *Special Free Sample Offer*.

FREE---Sample Jar and Book

This special sample jar affords a generous supply, with which you can try out for yourself the wonderful pore-cleansing and skin-freshening qualities of Pompeian Massage Cream. This sample is not for sale at the stores. The illustrated booklet is an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin. Both free. Send 10c in silver or stamps (only U. S. stamps accepted) to cover cost of postage and mailing. If your dealer does not keep it, we will send a 50c or \$1 jar of cream, postpaid, to any part of the world, on receipt of price.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 3 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.



POMPEIAN
MFG. CO.
3 Prospect St.
Cleveland, O.

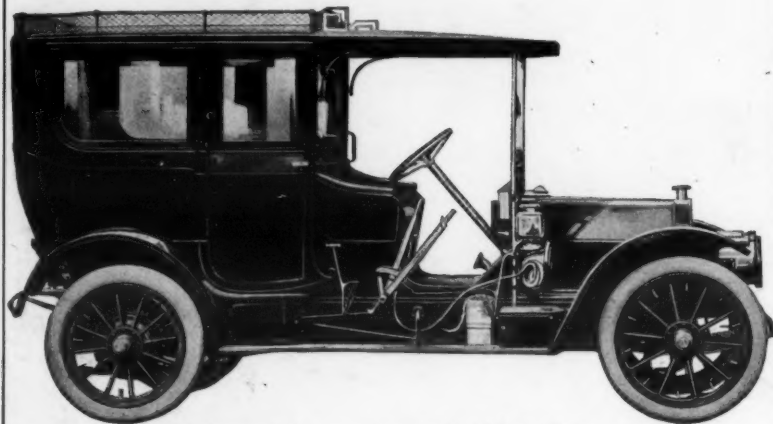
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to cover cost of postage and
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massage book and a special sample
jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

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Limousine Body, mounted upon a 30-60 H. P. Chassis

IN producing Motor Cars of comparative light weight, with endurance qualities out of the ordinary—and possessing maximum power, speed and strength—we have scored that success which has given character and high standing to the American made automobile. STEARNS CARS incorporate the best of both European and American engineering practice. They are backed-up by good design, good material, good workmanship and good brains. Our aim is to build, of all the cars in the world, THE BEST.

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30-60 h.p. Model	15-30 h.p. Model	45-90 h.p. Model
Bore - - - 5 1/2 inches	Bore - - - 4 1/2 inches	Bore - - - 5 1/2 inches
Stroke - - - 5 1/2 inches	Stroke - - - 4 1/2 inches	Stroke - - - 5 1/2 inches
Wheel Base - - 120 inches	Wheel Base - - 116 inches	Wheel Base - - 128 inches
Drive: Shaft or Side Chains.	Drive: Shaft.	Drive: Side Chains.
Transmission: Selective—four forward and reverse.	Transmission: Selective—three forward and reverse.	Transmission: Selective—four forward and reverse.

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The F. B. Stearns Company

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"I regard your paper as the greatest power for good in this country... the greatest weekly in America is clean and brave and independent.

"Very truly yours,
"JOSIAH CARTER."

"MAXTON, N. C.

"Your Weekly contains the very soundest and strongest reasons of any paper I have read recently for the defeat of the Republican national ticket and the election of the Great Commoner to the Presidency.

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"J. W. DAVIS."

"ATLANTA, GA.

"For many months I have been entertained and instructed by reading the good editorials in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and I write to say that the editorial, 'A Friend of Life,' in your issue of September 26 is far and away the best word-picture of the real Watterson I have ever read, and I have read a great number. Mr. Watterson has been a puzzle to me for years, but your clean and incisive English removed the cobwebs thoroughly.

"Sincerely yours,
"CHARLES A. LAMAR."

"COLLIER'S declines with shuddering to take any part in politics or advocate the policy of any party, but, apparently, it is willing to let itself out as the assassin of statesmen."—Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.

"CASEY, ILL.

"I am a constant reader of your paper and see a great many things in it to appreciate. Some are good and some are rotten to my way of thinking. I note you are all the time bawling out about Old Joe Cannon. Mr. Cannon lives in this district, and we have sent him to Congress for thirty-four years, and do you believe we are all a set of — fools? If you do your argument is the proper stuff. . . . You remind me of a good old dog we once owned on the farm. He was very busy all his life, and when he became old and feeble he could not get around very well and thought he should be doing something, so every time the dinner bell would ring the good old fellow would rise up on his haunches and howl as long as the bell would ring, presuming, no doubt, that he was rendering his country a great service.

Yours truly,
"F. HILL."

"PUEBLO, COLO.

"Cut out your silly, flippant Japanese flim-flam. It has run too long already. Busy and serious people have no time for such rot. We pay for that space, so give us something helpful and inspiring—historical, political, scientific.

"Very respectfully,
"R. G. WOODWORTH."

"FORT COLLINS, COLO.

"... Irrelevantly, permit me to request that you continue to give us all you can of 'Togo.' I have read the criticisms of the 'letters,' and while it is somewhat late, perhaps, to offer comment, up in this section we look forward to 'Togo,' and to some of us life would not be worth living if he should be eliminated or should culminate. After all, we get out of literature only what we bring to it, and there may be minds so devoid of a sense of humor as to find nothing in the 'letters.'

"T. J. LEFTWICH."

"IRVINGTON, ILL.

"When will the 'Japanese Schoolboy' be graduated, and this page of COLLIER'S devoted to more useful and instructive reading? COLLIER'S is too good a paper for such silly effusions.

"Very truly yours,
"E. M. PROSSER."

"SYRACUSE, N. Y.

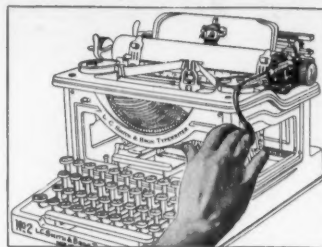
"I wish to express my general appreciation of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, more particularly the 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy,' which I regard as deserving highest rank in that class of literature.

"Very truly yours,
"HENRY E. DE VOE."

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Aero vacuum apparatus draws dirt and dust through hose into tanks on wagon, cleaning curtains, walls, carpets, bedding,—everything in the house without removing anything. Demand for cleaning churches, residences, stores, etc., is big and permanent.

Write for booklet, "Turning Dust into Money."

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The car everybody knows. Other cars are similar but none are as good. Get the genuine. Insist on getting the car that says "Irish Mail" in plain letters on the seat. It's not an "Irish Mail" unless so marked. Don't accept a substitute. We will sell you direct from factory at lowest factory prices if your dealer doesn't have it or doesn't care to order it.

Hill- standard Mfg. Co., 948 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Ind.



Pony Rigs for Boys and Girls

Buy them an outfit for Christmas. What would please them more than a vehicle from the TONY PONY LINE—all strong—reliable—attractive turn-outs. Our Pony Farm affords the best assortment of short-hands in the land. Send for FREE catalog. Our catalog "A" illustrates 250 designs of high class, full-size vehicles. Booklet "C" tells all about our sleigh line. Michigan Baggy Co., 529 Office Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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FAIRBANK'S SOAP

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The woman who toils and drudges, bends and rubs, worries and scrubs over her household duties is misguided and behind the times. Gold Dust will relieve her of half the burdens of housework, do all the hard part of the task without her assistance, and keep everything about the house spick and span.

For cleaning anything and everything from cellar to attic, Gold Dust has no equal.

Don't use Soap, Naphtha, Borax, Soda, Ammonia or Kerosene. The Gold Dust Twins need no outside help.

For washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bath room pipes, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water, washing clothes, and making the finest soft soap.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work."



Fairy Soap

Fairy Soap contains no free alkali—it is just soap, pure soap, nothing but the best soap.

Pay any price you will, you cannot find a better quality of materials than goes into every 5c. cake of Fairy Soap.

It will not irritate the skin and stop up the pores like soap made from cheap materials.

Fairy Soap—the handy, floating, oval cake—is sold only in cartons and daintily wrapped in tissue.

It has the appearance, as well as the ingredients, of quality.

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

is a white soap, contains no fats and oils of any kind, never found in ordinary laundry soaps.

Sunny Monday Laundry soap (*n. r.) contains no rosin, and will wash woolens, flannels and the finest fabrics without shrinking. All yellow laundry soaps contain from 30% to 40% rosin, which is most destructive to fine fabrics and woolen garments.

Sunny Monday Laundry Soap (*n. r.) has all the virtues claimed for naphtha soaps, and will do better work. Naphtha evaporates when exposed to the air or put in hot water, hence its inefficiency; in Sunny Monday Laundry Soap (*n. r.) the dirt-starting ingredients last until the cake is worn to a wafer, and are equally efficient in any kind of water.

*N. R. means "No Rosin." Sunny Monday Laundry Soap contains no rosin. Rosin is an adulterant which rots and ruins clothes.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles."

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers, Chicago

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With Gold Medal Flour in the house we can have Sally Lunn or Gems or Muffins or Pop-overs, hot and good for Breakfast. The Bread, Rolls and Pastry will be a success for Lunch and Dinner. We are well prepared for guests.

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
**GOLD MEDAL
FLOUR**